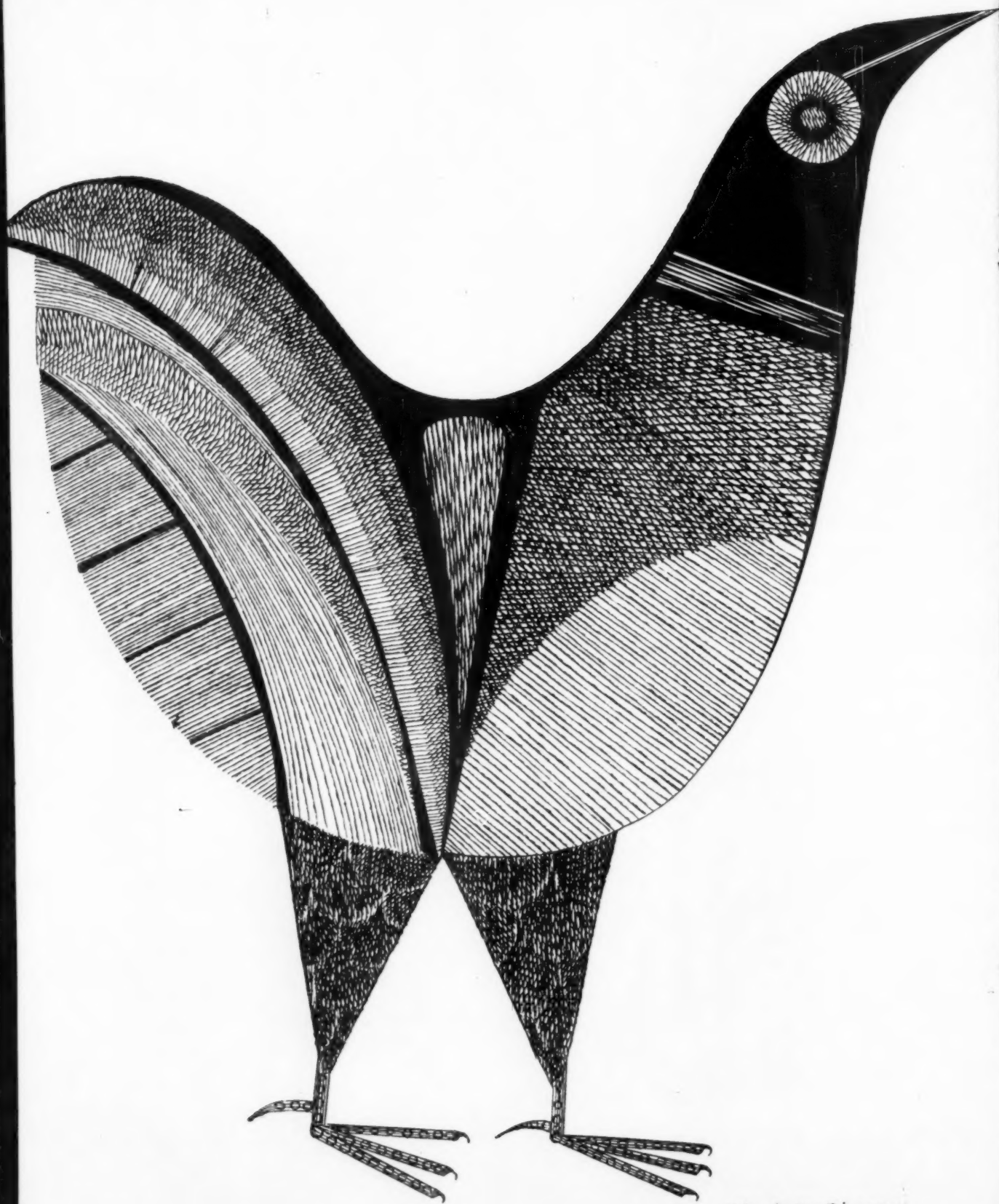


A black and white photograph of two hikers with large backpacks standing on a jagged, rocky mountain peak. The hiker on the left is standing upright, looking towards the right. The hiker on the right is crouching down, possibly resting or examining something on the ground. The background is a dramatic sky with large, billowing clouds. The overall tone is adventurous and exploratory.

# Américas

JANUARY • 1958

**ANNUAL TRAVEL ISSUE**



Aldemir Martins 1957

# Américas

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## CONTENTS

### page

- 2 TRAVEL, 1958 Betty Wilson
- 6 MAGICAL PARKS Fernando Alegría
- 11 AROUND THE WORLD ALONE Enrique Bunster
- 17 TAKE YOUR ROOF WITH YOU Scott Seegers
- 22 RHAPSODY FOR GUITAR (A short story) Germán Téllez
- 25 ARGENTINA IN YOUR KITCHEN Florence L. Grossman
- 30 TODAY'S ART AT SÃO PAULO José Gómez-Sicre
- 34 THE OAS ELECTS
- 35 EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE Charles G. Fenwick
- 38 BOOKS  
RECENT BRAZILIAN LITERATURE Maria de Lourdes Teixeira  
TOMÁS CARRASQUILLA
- 41 GRAPHICS CREDITS
- 42 FROM THE NEWSSTANDS
- 44 LETTERS
- 45 KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' TOURIST HAUNTS?

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Hikers on the Appalachian Trail (see page 17). Photograph by E. S. Shipp, courtesy U. S. Forest Service.

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## Dear Reader

Just as AMERICAS' annual travel issue was ready for the press, I returned from a trip around the world. Six weeks in the Orient, the Middle East, and Europe were intended to cure the creeping provincialism that can paralyze an editor after years of preoccupation with a single region of the globe. I looked forward to fresh horizons, to forgetting the Western Hemisphere. This was determined escape. My vacation was to be my iron curtain—but it turned out to be gauze.

The reminders started before I left the States. While Pan American Airways was making my flight arrangements and hotel reservations I mentioned to their representative that I planned to shoot pictures along the way. "Too bad you're not staying in your own bailiwick and going below the border," he remarked. "You won't find any place on earth more photogenic than Latin America."

I opened the paper my first morning in Tokyo. There it was again, headlined across the page: "Roving Japanese Ambassador Keizo Shibusawa returns from Latin America." Complaining of Japanese public relations there and declaring that Japanese firms were "haphazard" in their commercial activities, he called for "fair recognition of Latin America as a main element in Japan's foreign policy and trade."

Oh, well, exotic Hong Kong, I was sure, would be different. There are 150 Chinese dialects in the British Crown Colony and English is spoken almost everywhere the traveler touches. But Portuguese kept cropping up in conversations I overheard—in the streets and shops of Kowloon, on the mainland, and on Hong Kong island itself. The spokesmen were residents of the Macao Colony of Portugal, three boat-hours away. There, I learned, on a peninsula that is a strange mixture of Chinese, Portuguese, and Spanish influence, a bronze bust of Camões is proudly pointed out to foreign visitors. For the celebrated Portuguese poet is supposed to have written some cantos of *The Lusads* in Macao. I remarked to a British newspaper friend about the echoes of my own work area I was hearing around the world. "Hong Kong has its share," he added. "There's even a Latin American club, started by a Panamanian stationed here. Then there's trade, of course, especially with Brazil, which supplies about a sixth of Hong Kong's raw cotton."

In Bangkok I ran into two Argentine tourists shopping in Spanish for Thai silk, and we greeted each other like old friends. In Lebanon I found topazes and aquamarines galore—brought from Brazil by some of the four hundred thousand Lebanese who had settled there. We visited the beautiful mountain town of Zahle, which furnished most of these emigrants when agriculture was so unproductive at home that the farmers left for South America. In Istanbul it was virtually impossible to find a cup of coffee. Why? I asked. Because Brazilian exports to Turkey have been cut off, I was told. Athens, on the other hand, was advertising its Brazilian coffee bar. In Amsterdam, Dutch guides repeatedly recalled the Spanish occupation, and at The Hague there was Rui Barbosa of Brazil hanging on the tapestried walls of the International Peace Palace.

About the time India's brown landscapes reminded me of Peru and Spain, I gave up all pretense of escape and began to feel a certain nostalgia. Why deny it, after all? The world itself has become provincial. Now the only recourse left for those who want to get away from it all is to try outer space.

*Kathleen Walker*

KATHLEEN WALKER

Opposite: Bird. Drawn in ink especially for AMERICAS by Al-Jemir Martins of Brazil, who is currently exhibiting at the Pan American Union

# TRAVEL

## WESTERN HEMISPHERE PROSPECTS

BETTY WILSON

WHEN A SMALL, poor region with a population of two and a quarter million can make \$25,900,000 in a year from a single industry—and that industry one that helps rather than hinders the development of others, uses nothing esoteric in the way of raw materials, and requires a comparatively small investment—the region and its industry deserve a close look.

In the thirties, when Puerto Rico was almost wholly dependent on sugar and helpless like all one-crop economies before the vagaries of nature and the world market, there were some islanders who could foresee a profitable return on an investment in their scenery, climate, and colorful history. A popular reply to this was that tourism was an occupation for "prostituted peoples."

More practical attitudes prevailed after the war. Attempting to diversify the economy, the government had established in 1942 the Puerto Rico Industrial Development Commission, which was empowered to build and operate manufacturing plants and sell or lease them to private interests where possible, and to recruit capital from the mainland. When it was recognized that an orderly tourist trade was both desirable in itself and a source of funds for investment, it became a part of the famous "Operation Bootstrap," granted all the help that was being offered to other new industries—tax incentives, direct financial aid, and assistance on technical problems. In 1945 only two or three hundred reasonably comfortable hotel rooms were available in the San Juan area. As of June 1957 there were 1,130 that a fussy government would place in the "luxury" category and as many more that were first-class by any other standards; by December the "luxury" rooms numbered 1,347, and by next June they will reach 1,735. From 78,367 visitors during the fiscal year ending June 1951, the figure rose to 141,711 for 1954-55; their average individual expenditures rose from \$116.07 to \$162.30. To attract them, the government spent \$335,000 on promotion in 1955, or \$2.37 each.

Organized tourism entered Puerto Rico by the back door, so to speak, but it soon pushed its way to the front of the house. In spending seven million dollars to build the most modern hotel in the Caribbean, which was leased on a twenty-year contract to the Hilton Hotels Corporation, PRIDCO had in mind not so much enticing tourists, or even getting back its cost, as providing a suitable place to house prospective investors when they came to look the island over. As things turned out, even after PRIDCO's

share is deducted, the Caribe-Hilton is the most profitable hotel in a fantastic chain. Last December 1, just eight years after its opening, a hundred-room addition was put in service.

A principal reason for the success of the program is careful management. The government has set high standards of quality and service for tourist facilities—no higher than a far-sighted businessman would think sensible, but too high for get-rich-quick operators—and can if necessary use its direct financial interest or its power to withdraw tax exemption to enforce them. Guides attend classes and are licensed. Hotel workers are trained at a much-admired school. Tennis courts, golf courses, beach clubs, and swimming pools have been strewn around. Now, to keep future growth orderly and to encourage tourism in other parts of Puerto Rico, the government is about to put into effect a ten-year plan for the development of the eleven zones into which the island has been divided. The division has been so made that each zone has some special historical or scenic attraction, and each has been surveyed to see what is necessary in the way of hotels, restaurants, and recreational facilities. Yet, in a way, Puerto Rico is still taken aback by its own popularity: at the height of last season, despite the building boom, it found it had more visitors than rooms to put them in and had to beg U.S. travel agencies not to send any more for a while.

Despite the example of Puerto Rico—and despite the unquestionable dignity of Mexico and Canada, not to mention Britain, France, Italy, and Germany—some American nations still believe that tourism is for "prostituted peoples," though not as many as formerly. Others are inhibited by inertia, red tape, or inexperience from turning to good advantage their own not inconsiderable attractions. Whatever the reasons, the consequence is apparent in the statistics: in 1956, the last year for which complete figures are available, all ten countries of South America put together had a tourist income scarcely larger than Puerto Rico's.

Considered from the purely economic point of view, as an industry of significant proportions to the country benefited, international tourism in the Western Hemisphere means Canada, the West Indies, and Latin America serving as host to travelers from the United States. According to the U.S. Department of Commerce, they spent \$758,000,000, excluding transportation, to visit



these areas in 1956 (a year when their total expenditures abroad reached a record \$1,814,000,000, or a third of the world's travel payments). Of this, \$316,000,000 went to Canada, \$279,000,000 to Mexico, \$134,000,000 to the Caribbean, and \$29,000,000 to South America. The impression given by these staggering figures is only slightly offset by a fairly brisk movement in the other direction, accounting for an estimated \$189,000,000 spent by Latin Americans in the United States; by an occasional European visitor; and by an increase in travel within Latin America.

The latter involves some rather delicate points.

For one thing, though it is well known to experts in the travel field, along with the fact that in some places the trade has been important for years, neither of these convictions can be verified because of the inadequacy of the statistics in most countries. Another corollary of this lack is that while authorities maintain that any soundly conceived, long-range investment in the industry (for example, a chain of hotels like that built by the Peruvian Government in primitive areas that would otherwise have no modern accommodations at all, as opposed to extravagances like world's fairs) is guaranteed to increase a country's tourist trade and thus to return a profit, they cannot prove it. To solve the vexing problem, the Inter-American Statistical Institute, at the request of the Permanent Executive Committee of the Inter-American Travel

Congresses, has drawn up a research plan that would enable it to develop a minimum program for the compilation of uniform travel statistics in each country; funds for the study are being sought from the governments and from private enterprise.

For another thing, inter-Latin-American travel tends to fluctuate with the exchange rates of the countries' soft currencies. At worst, it may degenerate into taking in each other's washing: the citizens of country A spend their holidays at the beaches of neighboring country B, and incidentally load up on luxuries, when B's peso is cheap, and those of country B reciprocate when the situation is reversed. At best, even the most stable such business is limited in possibilities for growth—and it does not bring in dollars.

The "dollar gap" is not the problem it became in the years just after World War II, when pent-up demand and high U.S. prices melted Latin America's wartime dollar reserve. In 1956 Latin America as a whole bought from the United States goods worth \$51,000,000 more than those it sold there, but in the three preceding years it had rolled up a "favorable" trade balance totaling \$774,000,000. Still, some countries stay ahead of the game only by severely restricting imports, and others—among them Mexico, the Central American republics, Argentina, and Peru—consistently run a dollar deficit. Furthermore, the prevailing pattern in this trade is one

*New four-lane highway between Mexico City and Cuernavaca. Good roads encourage tourism, both within country and from abroad*





*Pocitos Beach in Montevideo, one of many Uruguayan shore resorts that draw thousands of visitors annually*



*Small, comfortable hotels, like this one near Chiriquí Lagoon in Panama, are always attractive to tourists*

of sell-raw-materials-buy-manufactures, which makes for a precarious balance that can be upset at any time by a drop in U.S. purchases; this happened with coffee in the first half of 1957 and is chronic with, for example, tin. And the development plans to break this dependency will demand heavy expenditures in dollars; indeed, Latin American imports of producers' goods are largely responsible for the 1956 shift in the trade balance.

But, as demonstrated by Mexico, this is not the whole story. In 1956, when the country's imports of U.S. goods exceeded its exports to the United States by a stupendous \$440,000,000, its "invisible export" of tourism made up almost two thirds of the trade deficit. In some years tourism represents 30 per cent of Mexico's entire export trade.

To return to the Commerce Department figures: it is evident that South America is getting the short end of the stick. True, the twenty-nine million dollars spent by

the forty-two thousand tourists who went there in 1956 is a larger sum than ever before, and represents a record increase of seven million dollars over the preceding year. But, in a period of steadily rising foreign travel, the continent's share of the U.S. tourist dollar has actually declined—from 3.3 per cent in 1951 to 2.3 per cent in 1956.

Since the United States is less likely to expand its purchases abroad than to curtail them, and since it already spends more on tourism than on either coffee or petroleum (its two most important commodity-import items), it is as well for the international economy that the tourist boom shows every sign of getting even bigger. Anxious for new places to go, people can be counted upon to examine the claims of Latin America. But at a time when they are also being wooed by other brand-new competitors for their favor—Spain, rapidly becoming a major tourist center; South Africa, advertising itself as "Land of Contrasts"; the Dalmatian coast; Japan; even "Ceylon, the Happy Island"—they will not notice these claims unless they are put forth vigorously, and they will examine them closely.

How ready are the Latin American countries, as a whole, for this scrutiny? In some areas, completely; in others, they are preparing for it; in still others, not at all. It is at least partly relevant, by the way, to discuss them as a whole in this connection despite their marked individual differences: for one reason, because the problems of one are often shared by some or all of the others, and are being tackled jointly; for another, because the prospective tourist views them that way, not wishing to make an expensive journey of five or six thousand miles just to see one.

The official organ through which the countries act collectively is the Inter-American Travel Congresses, whose resolutions are carried out by a seven-member Permanent Executive Committee and by several technical committees. The secretariat is at the Pan American Union. Besides the improvement of statistics referred to above, its present campaigns include the simplification of entrance and customs formalities, the establishment of minimum health standards, and more and better promotion. Continuing studies are made of—among other things—currency controls, hotel and restaurant development and classification, and restrictive taxes.

A report prepared for the latest meeting of the Permanent Executive Committee shows a striking reduction in red tape for U.S. tourists over the past decade. Only three countries (Honduras, Nicaragua, and Paraguay) still required both passport and visa, as compared with ten in 1948; six accept a passport without visa; the rest now require only a tourist card, issued variously by consuls, by transportation companies, or by officials at points of entry. (Since the report was published, Nicaragua has announced that it will admit U.S. citizens with just a passport and a tourist card issued by the carrier.) In most cases the same, or at any rate some, relaxation of formalities applies to citizens of the other American republics, and a few have even more lenient regulations for

people from neighboring countries. The Committee reports only partial success with its recommendations on cutting other kinds of red tape: requirement of police certificates, letters of recommendation, and departure permits; customs declarations and restrictions; aircraft documentation; and entry, exit, or transportation taxes.

A sanitation manual is being prepared by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau at the request of the Sixth Inter-American Travel Congress, which met at San José in 1956 (the Seventh will be held at Montevideo in March). This will include not only a set of minimum standards for hotels and restaurants patronized by tourists but methods of achieving them and instructions on inspecting one's own premises. It has already been decided, for example, to recommend rodent- and insect-control measures suitable for the tourist facility rather than the community, but to advise improving the municipal water and sewerage systems rather than building separate ones for foreigners. Indeed, though outsiders are always more susceptible to any health hazard than local people, in most ways the needs of the two coincide, and the PASB hopes that its work in behalf of tourists will serve as "an entering wedge in establishing general standards of sanitation."

Hotel building and operating is, of course, each country's own concern, but the Travel Congresses are trying to promote it by collecting and disseminating information. Where, as in Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, or Uruguay, a highly developed tourist industry already exists, private enterprise can be counted upon to provide as many and as good hotels as could be desired. Where such facilities cannot yet pay their way, as in parts of Peru, Venezuela, and the Dominican Republic, the government must either offer special tax and other incentives or go into the hotel business itself. In general, too little has been done in this field, good hotels outside the major centers are few and far between, and controls over standards and prices vary widely. The Central American countries, for example, do not engage in tourist promotion because they would have no place to put up large numbers of visitors if it was successful.

Argentina, Mexico, Haiti, Peru, and Venezuela have well-established schools for training hotel workers, and Guatemala opened one last year. The Venezuelan school, which occupies elegant quarters like those of a first-class hotel on top of the Ministry of Development building, is a good example. Here young people may learn through class work and practice to be anything from a chambermaid (one month) to a chef (ten months) or may study the office end of hotel-keeping. Once graduated, they are placed either in one of the eleven government-owned hotels or in private establishments. The chefs, incidentally, learn to prepare native dishes as well as "international" fare. As an official of the Brazilian Hotel Association has pointed out, tourism includes more than seeing the sights: "the admirable curve of a Gothic arch, the crash of a waterfall, . . . and a delicious lunch of national or regional specialties."

A handicap under which most of the countries must still struggle is that they do not occur to vacation-

planners. This is the age of advertising. Quito is as picturesque, Buenos Aires as cosmopolitan, the Andes as awe-inspiring, as similar attractions elsewhere in the world—but the latter work to make themselves known. At present, most such promotion of Latin America is done by the transportation companies, the automobile associations, the travel agencies, and so on. Though most of the countries have national tourist bureaus, many are more or less inactive. A spokesman for Moore-McCormack has estimated that the more than two and a half million dollars spent last year to promote the Caribbean and Central and South America by the U.S. steamship lines that serve them is almost double what the countries themselves spent for the purpose. Nassau, he remarked, took \$523,000 worth of advertising in magazines alone during 1956 and enjoys a year-round trade. To be sure, none of this applies to Mexico, which has been cited as a model for its sister republics; the Guerrero State government alone spends over forty thousand dollars a year on tourist promotion, and there is talk of "tourism attachés" for Mexican consulates in the United States. Argentina has proposed that a "Latin American House," sponsored jointly by all the countries, be set up in New York, and the subject is on the agenda for the Seventh Inter-American Travel Congress.

The Pan American Highway stretch through Guatemala is scheduled for completion this month, and the road will be open all the way to Panama City by the end of 1959. Buenos Aires may not yet be as close to Washington as General LeMay's jet flight implies, but the distance is shrinking, and the airlines expect their volume of international traffic to double within the next five years. Four fast new ships—two for the Grace Line, down the west coast of South America, two for Moore-McCormack, down the east coast—are going into service this year. With so many ways of getting to the Latin American countries easily, the only question is how to make sure they are used. ♦ ♦ ♦

*"Umbrella Trees" National Park in Chile, 470 miles from Santiago, is popular with ski enthusiasts*







*Balboa Park, in Planes de Renderos suburb of San Salvador, was beginning of still-unfinished work of National Tourist Board*

# MAGICAL Parks

## NATIONAL RECREATION AREAS IN EL SALVADOR

**FERNANDO ALEGRÍA**

I MUST CONFESS I am naturally inclined to flee from tourist attractions. If everybody goes to some beach, some lake, some mountain, I stay away, fearing I shall be suffocated by suitcases, souvenirs, automobiles, hot-dogs, fat men and women, and excessively dynamic children. Also, one finds unpleasant surprises. Take what happened when I made my way, enchanted, to admire the crystalline waters of one of the most beautiful lagoons in the Sierra Nevada, a veritable paradise, almost a wilderness. From the bank, I peered across the waves through prodigious gaps in the black and gold rock. On

*On a sabbatical leave from his post at the University of California in Berkeley, FERNANDO ALEGRÍA plans to travel around the world, with his wife and four children but "without Cantinflas." Their first stopover was in El Salvador.*

the white sand, shining like a siren's necklace, lay an abandoned beer can. There's no excuse.

Because of this sort of thing, the countries most advanced in the art of tourism—and it is an art and not just a technique—have discovered that the secret of attracting the genuine traveler lies not in advertising carnival crowds but in suggesting a landscape he must discover for himself. For the pleasure of pure and simple discovery, I suggest you try El Salvador.

I shall say it simply, without fear of exaggeration: El Salvador has three or four parks that are among the most beautiful in America. Few Salvadorians know it, and of course practically no foreigners. El Salvador lets its parks alone, undefiled by false publicity—not out of malice but out of ingenuousness. Overwhelmed by the



tourist prestige of Guatemala and Mexico, the Salvadorians seem not to realize what they possess. Wealthy Salvadorians travel in the United States and Europe, but are unaware of the parks that are there at the very edges of their fabulous coffee plantations. The people sincerely believe that there is nothing extraordinary about them.

Suddenly a tourist arrives who lost his way between Yucatan and Guatemala City. Someone puts him into a car and takes him along a boulevard lined with graceful houses, their Andalusian whiteness set off by wrought-iron filigrees, surrounded by spacious tropical terraces. He goes through two splendid residential districts: Escalón and San Benito. Alongside a mansion that is a mixture of the most dissimilar styles is a small cubistic bungalow. At the head of a ravine, practically in the back yards of these houses, straw huts cling to the ground, fanned by the giant leaves of banana plants. This is the glory of tropical architecture: either a squandering of marble, mosaic, and cement, or a rustic pigsty that seems to grow from the earth itself, with all its dampness, pests, and flowers. Nothing in between. The tourist passes a golf course that gleams like an emerald in the morning sun. (If he is a Yankee tourist, he stays there. Who can blame him? There he can play alone, absolutely alone, on immaculate fairways.)

In a few hours, traveling over a magnificent highway, the tourist climbs the mountain, pauses before an erupt-

Active Izalco Volcano, seen from Green Hill observation park a mile away



ing volcano and humbly contemplates the explosions of lava, fire, and stone almost within hand's reach, while in the background the ocean gleams in marvelous patterns of light and color. Then he goes along the Coastal Highway, still under construction, which hugs the water's edge, then cuts through forests of balsam trees and jungles festooned with lianas, and emerges above a steep precipice, from which he can boldly look out over interminable stretches of white beaches, of blue and green, shimmering like mirages under the red splendor of the sun. This road, part of the Pan American Highway, is like an enlarged version of the Carmel Highway in California.

On the trajectory from mountain to coast, from coast to valleys and inlets, and finally back to the city, the tourist will have seen some extraordinary watering places, aggregations of swimming pools, rocks, exotic plants, architectural trees—a dream world, where the Maya presence is felt as a silent, watching ghost, and where the man of today works with a curious practical sense of poetry and design. The tourist will come back bewildered. No one warned him in advance. He does not understand the significance of what he has seen. It is the story behind this landscape that I want to tell.

I made the acquaintance of Balboa Park, above suburban Planes de Renderos, when its construction was just beginning. Being a man from a cold climate, on whom the heat of the tropics acts as an insidious balm, when visiting El Salvador I have always sought out the high places. Tense and slack at the same time, as if the flow of the exuberant lowlands changed the rhythm of my blood, I would go out to inhale, anxiously, the cool dampness of the mist in those mountains on which San Salvador leans to catch its breath during its afternoon siestas. I was intrigued by the abrupt change of temperature. As in San Francisco Bay, at dusk the columns of fog came to me, breaking away from the ocean through ravines, over peaks and precipices, gathering the sweat of pastures and cane fields. A book in my hand soaked up the moisture of the breeze until its pages were as rumpled and limp as a bed sheet in the morning. In those days, before 1950, I used to see swarthy Salvadorian workmen struggling with pick and shovel against the resistant hills, opening roads, setting up pedestals, installing terraces, walls, towers, which would suddenly find their setting harmoniously completed with the urbane architecture of a plaza, an observation platform, a restaurant, a walk. This activity seemed logical and natural to me. I saw nothing remarkable in its initial results. I was unaware of the minor heroism and the amusing political and bureaucratic drama that lay behind it. Today, I walk down the refreshing avenues, in the shade of the ceiba trees, surprised by the blaze of flowers unknown to me, accompanied by the granitic presence of monuments and sculptures, entertained by the happy invasion of the people in their colorful outfits—reds, purples, yellows—sniffing the smoke of the *criollo* kitchens where the tortilla is sanctified and the *guaro* liquor, which cuts like a dagger, consecrated. This is a park that breathes, sings, fights, and languishes along with the people who fre-

quent it on Sunday afternoons. And I listen to the man who conceived it, savoring the juicy details.

"What you saw in those years," Raúl Contreras tells me, "was the beginning of a still-unfinished work that bears the seal of the National Tourist Board, established in 1947. It originated in the illusions of a crazy *gringo* and a retired poet. The *gringo*, Harrison Step, was obsessed by a landscape, perhaps unique in the world, which he wanted to make into a part of the city of the future. He subdivided a section of his farm and gave the lots the name *Montaña Rocosa* (Rocky Mountain). A little more than a mile from Balboa Park he drilled a



Lake Ilopango, only six miles east of San Salvador, is capital's most popular pleasure resort

well eight hundred feet deep. He was so enthusiastic over discovering water that he installed pipes without telling anyone and, opening the valves, flooded the park for a week."

Meanwhile the poet, Raúl Contreras, director of the Tourist Board, was drilling on his own account and, as in the Biblical episode, at a blow of his walking stick the water leaped out and irrigated his gardens. Here we have the spectacle, incredible in this twentieth century, of two men who embrace with joy on discovering not petroleum or uranium but water, pure water, to assure the fertility of a landscape they have built with their own hands! The local authorities protested that the precious liquid was being wasted on plants and flowers instead of being offered for public consumption. The poet declared emphatically: "The park comes before the neighborhood." He closed off the site of the well and put a padlock on it and a sign reading "No trespassing, under penalty of death." The Hydraulic Service intervened. "You," Contreras told them, "speak in the name of the law; I

speak in the name of my park." The authorities did not insist; the poet's opposition made such action suicidal. They searched in another spot and, by God's grace, also found water, which today supplies Planes de Renderos. The poet's well rests and dreams, green, moss-covered, and cool, in the solitude of its trees and toads. When the poet decides to open it, it is opened, not before.

What could be the reason for so much stubbornness and enthusiasm? What moved these two enlightened men? Imagine the peak of a rocky mountain, crossed by wind and mist. Let us climb up a short stairway carved in the rock. Holding on to a cable railing, we approach the top. Suddenly, a light stops us in the narrow, steep passageway. Astonished, we look through the cut in the rock and behold a deep abyss, which seems to be the end of a valley stretching from the distant gray sea. We reach the summit and the fog has cut off the landscape. We feel nervous in the darkness, awaiting the unknown. The wind blows, a fine rain falls, clefts open in the mist, one star appears, and then another and another, the bell of a distant church peals, and suddenly the darkness splits into a thousand pieces and a fantastic world comes to life. Like a dagger stroke in the living rock, the open throat of a terrace darts into view (the Symphony Orchestra of El Salvador has given a concert there). The wild vegetation of the tropics runs down the hill, falling to pieces over rosy clouds. Three, four, five peaks leap out of the fog in purple splendor, sullen, cold, diabolical. The clouds go drifting about between branches of pine trees and hilltops. The red of the dawn breaks out in myriad flashes. The sky dissolves into patches of green, blue, gray, and red, stretched smoothly and silently over the sea. Far back in the valley, deep in the abyss, the white village of Panchimalco huddles like a flock of sheep. A Spanish writer once compared this sight to Doré's illustrations for the *Divine Comedy*. The Yankee and the Salvadorian poet preferred a more concrete suggestion and gave the two rocks that frame this astonishing landscape the name Devil's Door.

"Don't squander your enthusiasm," Contreras cautioned. "You haven't seen Atecozol yet."

Thirty-six miles from San Salvador and less than a mile from Izalco Volcano, in the low country—that is, the hot, suffocating country—Contreras and two engineers, René Suárez and Federico Morales, have built a garden of swimming pools and rocks. This is a historic spot; it is said that Pedro de Alvarado fought here and received an arrow wound that left him with a permanent limp. There are a tower with battlements; a monument to Tlaloc, god of the rain; another, by the Indian artist Valentín Estrada, to Atonatl, the Indian who shot the arrow at the Conquistador; and a statue to the toad.

"What toad?" I asked, surprised. "The toad that jumped on the spot where water for Balboa Park was discovered," the poet told me. The opinion of architects and technicians about Atecozol is: "The work of a crazy man. A bilious mixing of styles." The opinion expressed by President Osorio when he inaugurated it was: "The work of a poet. The toad deserves a monument more than many men I know." (I thought of Walt Whitman's

line: "... the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest.")

My memory of Atecozol—"fountain of the lord of the waters"—is of a gigantic swimming pool shaded from a distance by an ancient ceiba. A group of workmen are walking toward the edge. There they stop. I cannot see their faces, but over the water and against the sky they make a swift harmony of colors and positions. They are five shirts: one sky blue, one orange, one darker blue, one yellow, and one white. They are five straw hats; five gleaming machetes; swarthy, strong arms; and rough hands seemingly molded in clay. Obeying the call of a lightning flash that strikes Izalco, or perhaps a whisper of the wind that only they perceive, they break their pause and walk on, disappearing across the water.

A family arrives, with baskets of black beans, tortillas, and sweet pastries. An overheated gentleman drops into the water. Two olive-skinned girls in sleek bathing suits cross silently in front of us, following a red-brick path toward a forest of balsam trees, to another and yet other pools, hidden like watery butterflies in the dark green of the vines. Alongside another path is the statue of Cayancúa, a monster with the body of a snake and the head of a hog, which moans in the night and terrorizes those who have an ear for this kind of thing.

"Friend Contreras," I exclaimed, "Atecozol is a ballet danced by the people every day in its natural setting."

"You haven't seen anything until you've seen Ichamichen."

Ichamichen—"the abode of the little fish"—is on the new Coastal Highway, only thirty-five miles from San Salvador. My guide was right. Crossed by canals, decorated with pools, Ichamichen reclines in the shade of thick forests of ceiba, conacaste, mango, and coconut trees. It is a seemingly spontaneous garden of natural streams, very different from Atecozol, which is set so

rigidly in its rocky frame. In none of the other Salvadorian parks can one better appreciate the mind that directed this marvelous gardening.

If I am not mistaken, Raúl Contreras is described in Max Henríquez Ureña's *Breve Historia del Modernismo* as a poet of delicate inspiration, gently romantic, solitary (twenty or thirty years ago) among the modernists of Central America. A great deal was expected of him. But Contreras, devoting himself to diplomacy, kept silent. His literary fame was not revived until a year or two ago, when a volume of verse appeared that caused a sensation in El Salvador. The book bore the signature of Lydia Nogales, supposedly a beautiful and shy poetess from Santa Ana. Behind Lydia Nogales, behind her poetry of fine metaphysical abstractions and exquisite sensual suggestions, was the magician's hand of Raúl Contreras. It was the poetry of his solitude and his nostalgia. The other—the brilliant poetry of action—was being deposited in his gardens and his parks.

For the curious thing about this extraordinary man is this: Raúl Contreras apparently abandoned the poetry of the word to make a poetry in motion; the poetry of gardens, written in the soil, the water, and the rock of El Salvador. Since his tastes were and are those of the Rubén Darío school, clay in his hands becomes a baroque substance. He never goes into abstraction. Like the Japanese, in all his rocks and pools and cascades he zealously preserves the traditional symbolism. Without a preconceived plan, he advances with his engineers, giving free rein to his imagination, improvising paths, nooks, shady retreats, waterfalls, in what looks like the heart of a tropical forest, touching the ground here and there with his magic wand so that water will spring forth, and from the water, water lilies, and from them, butterflies, and from the butterflies, orchids in a subtle combination of forms and essences.

Largest swimming pool in Ichamichen Park, thirty-five miles from San Salvador on new Coastal Highway





"We rarely plan ahead of time," Contreras says, "for, while we have an official budget that went up from zero to one hundred thousand colons, then from three hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand, and now to a million, we can never count for certain on the help of private landowners. When the present President of El Salva-



*Jaltepeque Estuary, noted for natural scenic beauty, is favorite rendezvous for anglers*

dor, Colonel José María Lemus, was a cabinet minister in the previous administration, he once said of me, 'This man must be given unlimited credit so that he can do his work.' Such generosity is not always shared by my compatriots, who sometimes refuse to give the lands we need for our parks."

I might add that those people know Raúl Contreras, and the more attached they are to their property the more they flee from him. They know that this man of frail health, of ironically flowery words, of mischievous blue eyes and fraternal gestures will end by swallowing them up, enveloped in the golden veil of his oratory. I will give you an example. They say that the lands where a certain bathing center is now being constructed—around some enormous springs that emerge from clefts in the flank of a mountain—belonged to a lady who held strong economic principles. When Contreras visited her to ask her for the land, she replied emphatically that she would not give it away but would sell it at her own price. The poet withdrew in momentary defeat. He worked out his strategy and went to see her husband, an Englishman and a genuine nature lover. Contreras described his dream of rocks and streams so richly that the Englishman, deeply moved, replied: "Buy the land from my wife at the price she asks. I will give you the money. In secret." The operation was carried out according to plan. When the subterfuge was discovered, the lady declared to the press: "My husband is rich; he can afford these luxuries. I am poor, and therefore I did not give, I had to sell."

In Ichanmichen another lady crossed Raúl Contreras' path. There he worked, dreamed, begged, and played

cards interminably until he got the land. When the lady saw the swamps and pastures transformed into exquisite pools, she exclaimed: "This work is mine. Without my big streams Ichanmichen would not have been born." She had given the streams along with the land.

The coronation of Contreras' efforts is Cerro Verde (Green Hill). From the viewing point at the top of the hill, at an elevation of about 6,500 feet, you can see the crater of Izalco Volcano in constant eruption, only a little over a mile away. I witnessed the spectacle one night in January, and it made all the descriptions I had heard of it seem pale. Wrapped in heavy blankets, our faces lashed by the cold wind, we saw eruption after eruption at intervals of ten to fifteen minutes—actual rains of fire, stone, and lava, discharged against a star-studded black sky, lighting the air just enough so that we could see in silhouette the town of Sonsonate and, against the red horizon, Acajutla with its fishing and cargo boats. A twenty-eight-room hotel is now being built on top of Cerro Verde. Its grand salon and dining room will be glass-walled, so that the tourist can watch the antics of the volcano from his easy chair, Scotch-and-soda in hand.

Poor Izalco! People don't take its fury seriously. It was born in 1606, erupted in 1770, and kept growing until it reached its present height of 6,350 feet. It has a distinguished name, meaning "city of the houses of obsidian." Its face is terrifying, its temperament—volcanic. And if you don't believe me, ask the young Salvadorians who recently decided to look into the crater. One of the five members of the expedition, the talented painter Raúl Elas Reyes, described the experience in these words: "... The whole surface was smoking through large cracks, but when a big column of smoke escaped from the main mouth, we all ran away from the edge as fast as we could, seeking refuge behind some rocks. Moments later a great explosion shook the landscape, but all were safe. Only two people were hit by stones tossed out by the volcano, just before we reached the crater's edge, a little above the spot where we took shelter."

Reyes and his companions returned to tell their story. A document recounting their exploits was duly signed, as befitted such a historic occasion. The moral I draw from this is that the hopeful traveler who ventures through these lands of volcanoes, painters, age-old forests, and poets can find everything. Drama in Izalco, native poetry in Ichanmichen and Atecozotl, abstraction of rock, sky, and solitude in the Devil's Door, comedy in— Yes, he can find comedy too, if he listens to Raúl Contreras telling the details of any of his enterprises: the Fountains of San Cristóbal, Cerro de las Pavas (Turkey Hill), the Virgin of Pineapples, Apastepeque Lagoon, or La Cornisa, at Apulo, a place where Contreras planned an idyllic bathing resort. When he visited the site with the members of the Tourist Board, they found President Osorio stretched out under a fig tree, defending the popular simplicity of the scene in these wise words:

"Leave this in peace. Don't do anything here. Let this remain for those who have no coffee farm." ♦ ♦ ♦



# around the world alone

Captain Joshua Slocum's remarkable feat  
of seamanship, 1895-98

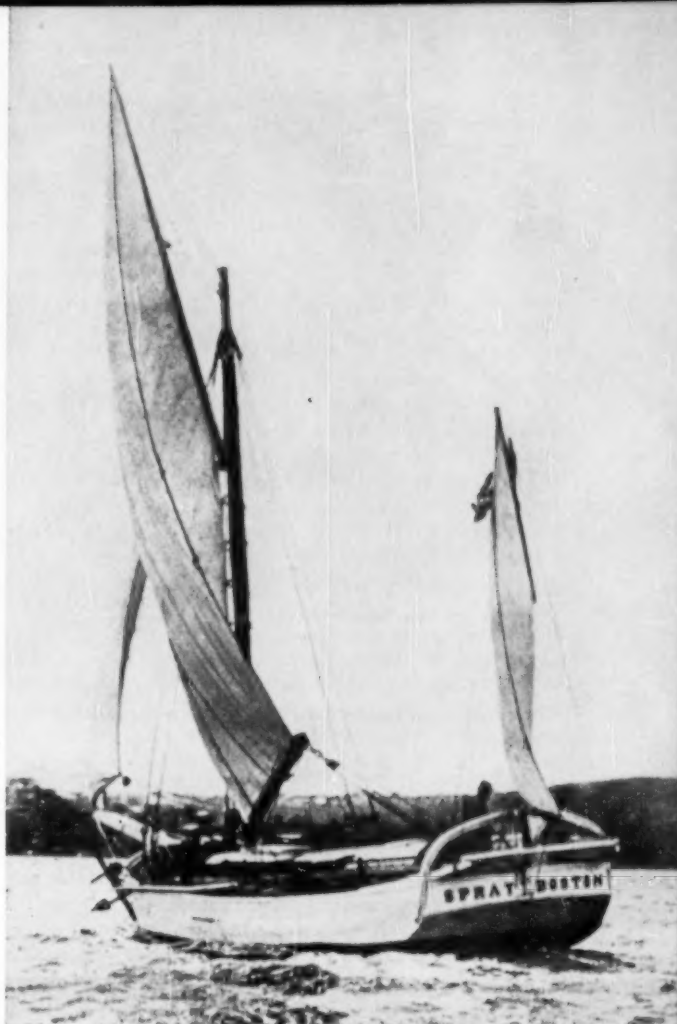
ENRIQUE BUNSTER

VERY FEW PEOPLE remember that Joshua Slocum, a native of Nova Scotia who later became a U.S. citizen, was the first man to sail alone around the world. He made this remarkable voyage thirty years before Alain Gerbault, the French navigator, and under much more hazardous conditions than any of his imitators.

Slocum was a veteran merchant-marine officer who reached the climax of his career as captain of the clipper *Northern Light*, considered in New York as the "finest American vessel afloat." However, he had had no experience with sloops, and when he chose the *Spray* for his globe-circling venture his friends thought he had lost his mind. The *Spray* was a venerable wreck that had been abandoned on a Fairhaven, Massachusetts, beach, after having served as an oyster boat in Delaware. She was thirty-six feet nine inches long over all, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet two inches deep in the hold. Her tonnage was nine tons net and almost thirteen gross. Slocum rebuilt the vessel timber by timber and plank by plank. The job took thirteen months; by the time the *Spray* was launched in the Acushnet River, it had cost him \$553.62.

The rejuvenated sloop had two hatches with weatherboards, a helm, a bilge pump, a windlass, and concrete ballast. The interior of the cabin provided this floating

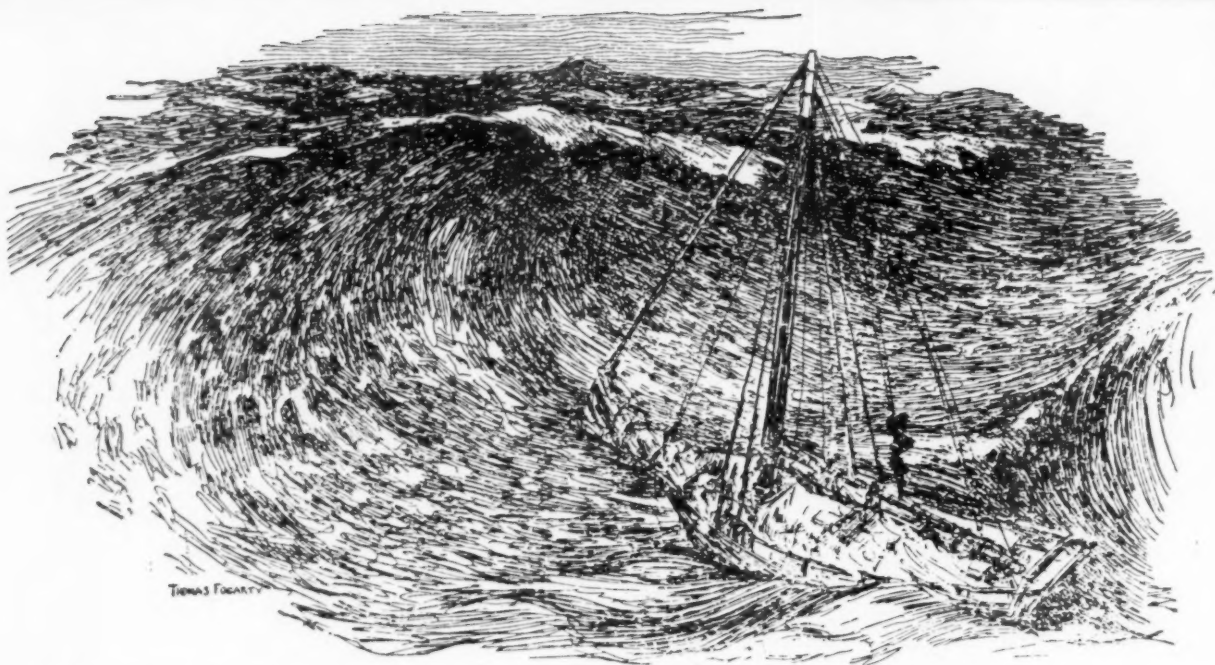
*Captain Joshua Slocum continued to sail in the Spray after his round-the-world trip, which is narrated here by the Chilean journalist ENRIQUE BUNSTER. In 1909, at the age of sixty-five, Captain Slocum embarked at Bristol, Rhode Island, heading for the Orinoco and Amazon rivers. The Spray and her master were never seen again. The photographs are from Captain Joshua Slocum, by his son Victor, and the drawings by Thomas Fogarty and George Varian from the Captain's own book, Sailing Alone Around the World, and they are used with the kind permission of the publishers, Sheridan House, Inc.*



*Captain Slocum's boat, the Spray, sailing in Australian waters*

Robinson Crusoe with the utmost comfort and was lighted by a two-burner lamp that doubled as stove. It had one bunk, a table, a medicine chest, shelves crammed with books, and a rack for his rifle and harpoon. For ground gear the *Spray* carried three anchors, and the rig consisted of jib and mainsail. The underwater surface was protected by two coats of copper paint. When the *Spray* was taken for a trial run she baffled the experts. She maneuvered like a fish and kept on course even with no one at the wheel. No other ship has ever been so docile and so perfectly balanced.

When Joshua Slocum sailed from Boston on April 24, 1895, he was fifty-one years old—a rather critical age to serve simultaneously as captain, pilot, boatswain, steward, signalman, cook, baker, dishwasher, able-bodied seaman, and cabin boy. The twice-married father of three sons and a daughter, Slocum was bald, wore a mustache and goatee, and had a stubborn look. On board ship he wore an ordinary jacket, a flowing cravat, and an Andalusian hat. In his book *Sailing Alone Around the World*, he explains his attire by saying that brass buttons add nothing to a ship's safety.



*Giant wave nearly swamped Slocum's boat near the Strait of Magellan*

He stopped in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to complete his equipment. Lacking space to ship a small boat, he bought an old dory, cut it in half, added a stern piece, and made it fast between the weatherboards. He also took on six barrels of water, kindling, one barrel of potatoes, salt meat, and enough other food to last several months. He sailed without a chronometer, which he had left at home. Instead, he acquired a cheap, dented alarm clock that

habit of talking aloud to himself. He would give orders, ask questions, make replies. One morning he sang his favorite song and was amused to see the turtles raise their heads to listen. Like Alexander Selkirk, Slocum was afraid he would lose his voice if he remained silent.

Ten days later the *Spray* was fifteen hundred miles east of Cape Sable, which meant she had averaged 150 miles a day. His time was spent steering, cooking, and reading. The nights were peaceful: "I lashed the helm, and my vessel held her course, and while she sailed I slept. . . ." On the fifteenth day he came upon a Spanish brig whose captain gave him a bottle of wine. Slocum, getting used to his solitude, wrote: "No one can know the pleasure of sailing free over the great oceans save those who have had the experience."

*Tacks on deck proved effective defense against marauding Indians*



*Complicated westward route followed by the Spray through the Strait of Magellan*

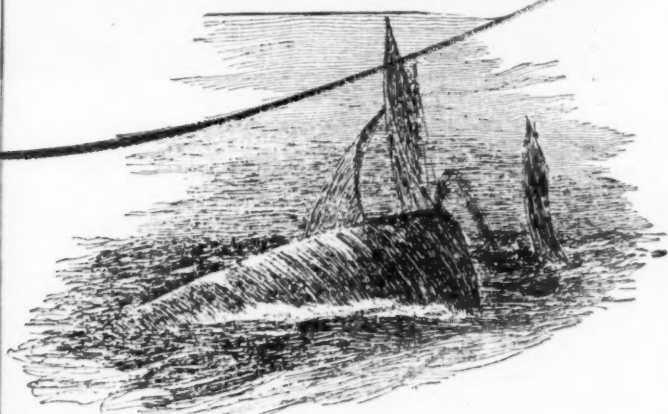
never kept good time and eventually lost its minute hand.

On July 1 he set sail for his first port of call in the Azores. With her chubby hull and scanty sails, the *Spray* traveled at a surprising speed. On the third day she overtook a schooner. Then dense fog set in and for three days Slocum sailed blind. When the moon finally came out, he bowed, hat in hand, and greeted it: "Good evening, sir; I am glad to see you." Later he was beset by stormy winds and heavy seas, but he kept up his entertaining

Twenty days out from Yarmouth the *Spray* anchored in Fayal, in the Azores. Curious throngs came aboard the sloop and restocked the cupboards with fruits and other foods.

After four days he left for Gibraltar. A fierce gale almost capsized the *Spray* and caused extensive damage. Slocum had just enough time to leap to the wheel and turn the prow into the wind. His tin wash basin took flight and sailed right over a big ship. During the unrelenting blow, Slocum suffered an attack of acute indigestion from a meal of cheese and fruit. When the pains became too severe, he lashed the wheel, took to his bunk, and lay there more dead than alive for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, the *Spray* danced through the whitecaps. When Slocum came to, the ship had covered ninety miles in heavy seas, and exactly on course. That day he harpooned a turtle and had a convalescent lunch: roast turtle, fried potatoes, boiled onion, pears cooked in cream, toast, and tea. Having survived this repast, he wrote: "I found no fault with the cook, and it was the rule of the voyage that the cook found no fault with me. There was never a ship's crew so well agreed."

Twenty-nine days out of Fayal he sighted the coast of Spain, and that afternoon he dropped anchor in the shadow of Gibraltar. He was thin and somewhat weak



Surprise meeting with a whale

but still in high spirits. The British admirals entertained him aboard their battleships, and authorized free repairs and a brand-new set of sails for the *Spray*.

Warned against the danger of pirates, Slocum gave up his plan to continue eastward across the Mediterranean and headed back across the Atlantic by the southern route. But the Atlantic also posed the same threat, and after a few hours at sea he realized that a native felucca with a huge yellow sail was racing toward him. Although the *Spray* had all sails set, the Moors were gaining on her fast. The wind rose rapidly to gale force, and to save his mast Slocum had to strike some sail. A gust of wind and a huge wave dismasted the felucca and tossed her rigging into the sea. Moments later the *Spray* lost her boom, but she was able to sail away comfortably, leaving the pirates rolling in a trough. After recovering the

boom and furling the sail, Slocum laid to for the night and celebrated his hairbreadth escape with a supper of fresh flying fish.

On September 3, he came within sight of Fuerteventura, the easternmost of the Canary Islands, though the view was blurred by a cloud of reddish dust whipped across from Africa. On the tenth, when he sighted the Cape Verde Islands, he wrote: "When I slept I dreamed that I was alone." One night he heard voices and leaped from the cabin to see a three-masted schooner sailing by like a ghost. Crossing the Atlantic, the *Spray* was harassed by heavy squalls and fitful calms. Schools of dolphins and sharks followed in her wake and fed on galley refuse. On October 5, forty days out of Gibraltar, Slocum dropped anchor in Pernambuco, Brazil. While in this port he shortened the broken boom and took on fresh stores before leaving for Rio de Janeiro, where he arrived on November 5. There he added a jigger mast that gave the *Spray* a yawl rig for the tempestuous seas of Patagonia.

Sailing toward Montevideo, Slocum unwisely hugged the coast and one morning the *Spray* ran aground. Taking an anchor in the dory, he tried to drop it in deep water, but the little boat capsized and dumped the skipper into the sea. He had to work for hours to retrieve the dory and carry the anchor and cable out on separate trips. While waiting for high tide, he had to stop a Uruguayan horseman from taking over the stranded vessel. The *Spray's* false keel was broken and she had to go into a Montevideo shipyard for repairs.

By now Slocum was famous and was being lionized in every port. Montevideo and Buenos Aires heaped honors on him and gave him big send-offs.

Early in February 1896 Slocum was sailing near the Strait of Magellan when a huge wave, which he was lucky enough to see in the distance, thundered toward the *Spray*. After striking all sails and battening down the hatches, he climbed to the peak of the halyard and left his fate to God. The mountainous wave was higher than the mast, and when it crashed down on the little vessel like a hand on a fly, Slocum thought his trip was over.

The *Spray* in her port duster at Devonport, Tasmania





However, the *Spray* popped up like a barrel. The skipper was hanging from the halyard, dripping wet, with his Andalusian hat plastered down over his nose.

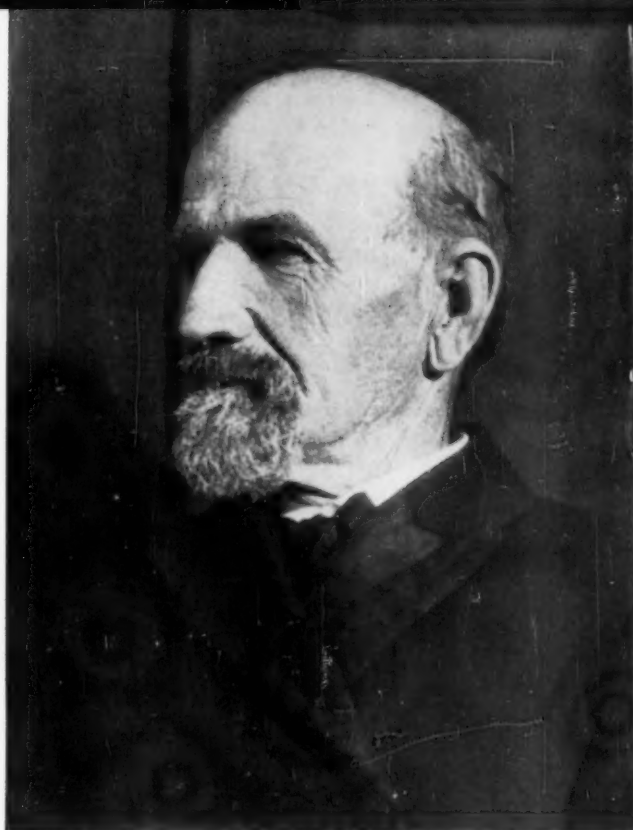
That was Slocum's welcome to the Strait of Magellan. When he arrived at Punta Arenas, Chilean authorities warned him about the greatest danger in the Strait: nocturnal assaults by Indians in canoes. Along with provisions, he bought a bag of tacks. What for? You will see.

The passage through the southern waters of America was the most trying part of his whole trip. Despite his knowledge and courage, Slocum took about two months getting out of that labyrinth where the rains, the fierce squalls known as williwaws, and treacherous currents buffeted the *Spray* and almost drove her captain crazy. All of this in a wasteland with a subpolar climate and fearsome, greedy inhabitants. His first encounter with these Indians occurred in Fortescue Bay. With their canoes close behind the *Spray*, Slocum resorted to trickery. He went into the cabin, through the hold, and out the forecabin, changing clothes on the way. Then back and forth, in various outfits, to give the impression that there were several well-armed men on board. Eventually a Chilean gunboat towed him out of the marauders' range.

Emerging into the Pacific at Cape Pilar, the *Spray* ran into a violent storm that drove her toward Cape Horn. "No ship in the world could have stood up against so violent a gale," Slocum re-entered the Strait of Magellan by Cockburn Channel, but it was so rough that he had to admit: "Confidentially, I was seasick!" When he anchored near Cape Froward for a night's rest, he spread the tacks on the deck before turning in. At midnight he awoke to a terrific rumpus. Indians who had boarded the sloop to rob him were jumping overboard screaming, their bare feet pierced by tacks.

Not long after this, in Puerto Angosto, they attacked from the shore and an arrow lodged in the mainmast. However, the savages fled at the first shot from Slocum's rifle.

After six unsuccessful attempts, Slocum finally made his way out of Puerto Angosto (Narrow Port), battling the williwaws, and stayed at the helm for thirty hours until he reached Cape Pilar for the second time. Sailing "alone with God," Slocum set his course for Juan Fernández, where Alexander Selkirk had lived alone for four years and four months. After fifteen days he sighted the famous blue hills and wrote: "A thousand emotions



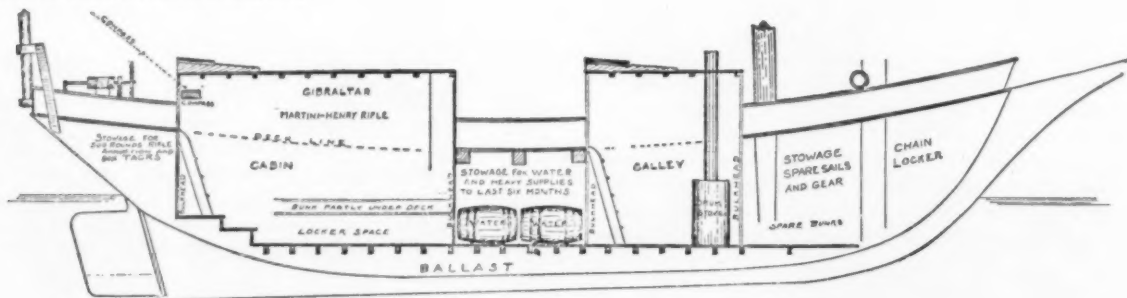
Goateed Captain Slocum had a stubborn look. Photograph taken by E. P. McLaughlin in 1906

thrilled me when I saw the island, and I bowed my head to the deck." A boat came out to escort him to a safe berth in Cumberland Bay.

He spent ten days among the simple, happy islanders. Old Spanish cannons recalled the days of buccaneers and corsairs. Lord Anson's fabulous treasure was probably buried in some obscure ravine. But it was Selkirk that obsessed Slocum—Selkirk, the man who inspired Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. As he left he exclaimed: "Blessed island of Juan Fernández! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you is more than I can make out."

The run from Cumberland Bay to his next stop in Samoa was the longest of his trip. Seventy-two days of absolute solitude, without seeing smoke or sail. For hundreds of miles across the Pacific the only landfalls were the rocks of St. Felix and the Marquesas Islands. Oddly enough, he suffered not the slightest mishap on this long crossing. The only incident was a nocturnal encounter

Cabin profile of the globe-circling sloop





with an absent-minded whale that almost swam right into the *Spray*. Slocum, awakened by the animal's snorts, came on deck, and the whale beat a churning retreat.

Seventy-two days of infinite blue seas; seventy-two nights of phosphorescent waves and magnificent skies, bobbing about in a shell driven by breezes that made the sails sing. The happy mariner passed the time reading and re-reading the books in his library, sunning himself on deck, and cooking flying fish.

In Apia, Samoa, three flower-bedecked girls came alongside the *Spray* in a dug-out canoe and greeted Slocum with "*Taloa lee* [Love to you, chief]." Then: "You man come 'lone?" They thought he had eaten his companions during the trip and were never completely reassured. However, all was *taloa lee*, songs, gifts, and long strolls with King Malietoa along palm-shaded beaches. Robert Louis Stevenson's widow invited Slocum to her home, Vailima, and gave him the sailing directories her husband had used in his seafaring days. On leaving Samoa, the adventurous skipper felt really alone for the first time. Such is the charm of those islands, where the people's only care was to keep the banana trees from taking over.

Forty-two days of stormy sailing through the Fiji Islands and the New Caledonia group brought Slocum to Newcastle, Australia, where he learned that an American clipper ship had been wrecked by the gales the *Spray* had weathered. The little boat was towed into Sydney in a downpour that made it impossible to use sails. Despite the drenching rain Australian fans flocked to the *Spray* and presented the skipper with a spare set of sails and a

load of provisions.

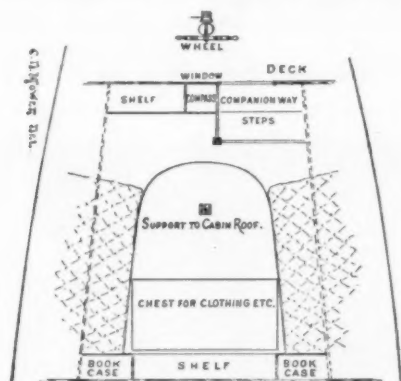
Slocum carried little money and was caught short when he was told in Melbourne that he would have to pay a harbor fee. To cover this unforeseen expense, he charged each visitor sixpence to come on board. He also caught a shark, put it on display, and collected another sixpence. While he was in Melbourne, a "rain of blood"—so called because brick-red dust, swept up from the desert by winds, mixes with a shower—covered the city with this strange mud from the sky. Slocum filled a bucket with the "blood" caught in the *Spray's* awning.

In port, the carefree mariner would leave the hatches open and hang his laundry in the rigging, yet he was never robbed. Sometimes children would stand guard duty while he went ashore to attend banquets or give lectures. This happened in Australia and also during his trip around Tasmania. Who would harm the most unselfish, spiritual, and courageous man in the world?

At Devonport, Tasmania, the *Spray* was given a free overhaul and paint job in the Navy shipyard. And once more Slocum's cupboards were filled with provisions. Supplied also with navigation charts, he set out again in the fall of 1897, hugging the coast along the Great Barrier Reef and through the Torres Strait. Lighthouses and passing ships signaled: "Wishing you a pleasant voyage." Cable dispatches to London, Shanghai, and New York regularly reported Slocum's progress.

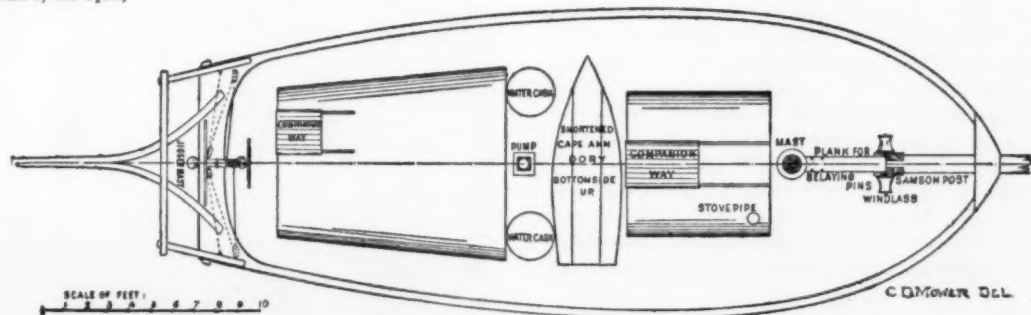
At the end of June the *Spray* entered the Indian Ocean and crossed its calm, luminous waters that are filled with sea snakes and electric fish. During the twenty-three-day trip to the Keeling or Cocos Islands Slocum spent only three hours at the helm. If there has ever been a robot-ship, it was the *Spray*. "Whether the wind was abeam or dead aft, it was all the same, she always sailed on her course." In Keeling, at a paradisaical atoll where the rats live in the palm trees and the men ride tortoises, Slocum hauled his boat ashore to work on it. A swarm of dark-skinned children tagged after him as if he were supernatural.

On August 22 the *Spray* set out under full sail to begin her return voyage. She put in at Rodriguez and Mauritius islands, and on November 17 sailed into Natal, South Africa. The alarm clock had lost its minute hand, and the rotators of the patent log had been bent, probably by a shark. There Slocum met some scientists from Durban who tried to convince him that the earth was flat. His next stop was Cape Town (after rounding the Cape of Good Hope), where he boarded a train to Pre-



Layout of the after cabin

Deck-plan of the *Spray*



toria to visit Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal. He supported the contention of the Durban scientists and told Slocum he was wasting his time trying to prove otherwise. He left these savants studying the *Spray's* track on the chart of the world, "which, however, proved nothing to them, for it was on Mercator's projection, and behold, it was 'flat'."

On March 28, 1898, the *Spray* was again on the Atlantic, riding huge waves. En route to St. Helena, first seals, then porpoises and dolphins, followed in her wake. One day, while Slocum was lying in his bunk reading Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*, a wave crashed down the hatchway, dousing his face and the book. It was like a welcoming kiss from home waters.

On the island where Napoleon was exiled Slocum was lodged in a house where the Emperor's ghost was said to appear. Wary of spirits, the captain left the lamp burning and spent the night peeping out from under the



*Sailing on docile ship, Slocum could read day and night*

covers. On his departure, the governor presented him with a goat, which Slocum called a "sort of dog with horns." He did not like the animal, and his feelings were soon justified: the goat got into the cabin and ate his navigation chart of the Caribbean. That was the limit! No chart, no chronometer, and a damaged log line.

Despite everything, he found the islands of Ascension and Fernando Noronha. On crossing the equator he exchanged signals with the U.S.S. *Oregon* and learned of the war with Spain. The signals of the big ship read: "Are there any men-of-war about?" Slocum hoisted a "No." Then he signaled, "Let us keep together for mutual protection." Slocum noted wryly that the captain of the *Oregon* "did not seem to regard [this] as necessary."

Without bothering about the Spaniards, Slocum headed

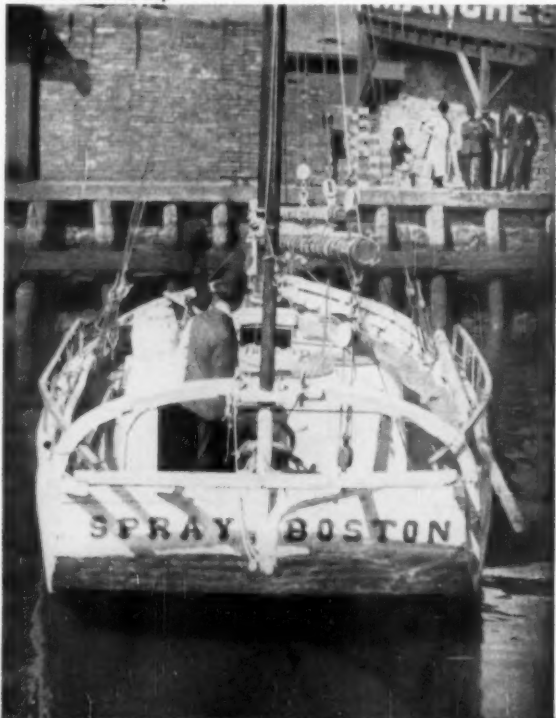
straight into waters where their ships might have been marauding and sailed along the coasts of the Guianas and Venezuela. By day he flew his flag, and by night he showed his lights. At the mouth of the Orinoco he sighted Tobago, the supposed locale of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. So Slocum came to know the two lonely islands: the real and the fictional.

Lacking charts, he boldly entered the Caribbean and set his course for Grenada. He made port at midnight but did not enter the inner harbor until the next morning. One more stop, at Antigua, and Slocum eagerly started homeward. But he was to learn that the last lap of a voyage can be the most difficult. First he was becalmed for eight days in the Sargasso Sea, with such a total absence of wind that he could read on deck at night by candlelight. Then the worst storm he had encountered burst upon him. Winds of hurricane force, hail, thunder, lightning, mountainous waves—a final test of his skill. The *Spray*, no better off than an insect in a whirlpool, lost her mainsail and jibstay. The mainmast was left swaying in the gale. For seemingly endless hours, Slocum had to use all his strength and presence of mind to keep the *Spray* afloat. The same storm lashed New York, uprooting trees and smashing big ships against the piers.

By the time this was over, Slocum was exhausted and his hands were bleeding. He also learned "that even the worst sea is not so terrible to a well-appointed ship." When he finally reached Newport, Rhode Island, on June 27, 1898, he had to face still another danger: the bay was mined because of the Spanish-American War.

He had sailed forty-six thousand miles in three years and two months. The *Spray* did not take on a drop of water; Joshua Slocum, at fifty-four, was in perfect health and weighed a pound more than he had when he first put to sea. Quite a man. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Stern view of the Spray in Providence, Rhode Island, after round-the-world trip*





*A busy day for Grout Bay Camp Ground near Big Bear Lake in San Bernardino National Forest, California*

## **CAMPING IN THE U.S.A.**

# **take your roof with you**

**SCOTT SEEGERS**

A SPRINKLE of wood ashes in the coffee never hurt anybody, and a little sand in the hamburger doesn't do any real damage either. There are those who prefer the decadent comfort of hotel beds and running hot water. However, these will soon be extinct, if we may judge from the rate at which North Americans are camping out.

For a nation only a few generations removed from battling the wilderness for survival, we are returning in astonishing numbers to the remnants of that same wilderness for recreation. In 1950, nine and a half million people camped in U.S. national and state parks and national forest preserves. In 1956 there were nearly twenty million. Many of these came to hunt and fish in season. Other millions were families on holiday trips who camped in order to hold down expenses. The smallest and most

dedicated group were the true campers, who find in the streams and forests essential values that have been obliterated by the pattern of urban civilization.

In 1949 that crystal ball of North American buying habits, the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, listed ninety-three camping items. This year's catalogue lists 208, and the chain's national headquarters reports that the dollar volume of sporting-goods sales has increased more than three times during the same period.

It is tempting to conclude from such figures that we are turning back into a race of Davy Crocketts. The truth is that the increase is largely due to the automobile and better roads. Grandmother can now pilot the family car with ease to a park area that used to seem as remote as the moon. Once there, it is possible today to camp in far greater comfort than twenty-five years ago, and with less trouble.

Moreover, the family can take its pick of just about any activity in any surroundings, because the country's

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*Camping out and hiking are free-lance writer SCOTT SEEGERS' favorite diversions. He once walked almost all the way from Laredo, Texas, to San José, Costa Rica.*



large parks include some of nearly every sort of geography.

If you are a saw-grass-and-alligator man, the soggy wilderness of Everglades National Park at the tip of the Florida peninsula will be your Mecca. He who needs the cloud-piercing sublimity of granite peaks or the turbulent grandeur of the sea will find no inspiration at Everglades. But any geographical absolute has the quality of majesty, and this infinity of wind-blown grass seems as vast and empty as the polar wastes. The clumps of matted palm-and-palmetto vegetation that adorn humps of land thrusting above the horizon (we bog-trotters call them "hammocks") serve only to emphasize the loneliness. Nowhere in the country are bird life and aquatic and amphibious creatures so numerous and varied. The hammocks teem with unreconstructed bobcats and raccoons, and occasionally a panther (mountain lion, cougar, painter, varmint, or *Felis concolor*) squalls in the night. Carry a good stick in this land, camper. There are snakes. Given a chance, they will get quietly out of your way, but they don't like surprises.

Everglades has ten camp sites. They are free, and you can stay for a month if you can get along without flush toilets, showers, and electricity. A motel with more comforts is operated by a concessionaire.

The amazing scenery of the great Western parks such as Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, and Mount Rainier draws most of the visitors. In all the twenty-nine National Parks accommodations vary greatly. All simple camp sites are free. Where there are tables and outdoor cooking and laundry facilities, these are free also. Many have primitive cabins that rent for a dollar or so a day. In other places the cabins are more elaborate. Many of the park accommodations are available by reservation only; others are on a first-come, first-served basis. In some, you can camp all summer if you like; in more popular spots, the visit is arbitrarily limited.

The programs of the National Parks are as varied as the facilities. The big Western parks offer many frankly tourist attractions, such as the spectacular evening "fire-fall" from Yosemite's Glacier Point. Others have lectures in the natural history of the region, field trips, exhibits, and museums. In remoter, less-developed areas the visitor must rely on his kinship with stream and uncrowded forest. Most of the National Parks permit fishing in season. None allow hunting.

Managing the resources of these large areas is a big job, but managing the throngs that flock to them multiplies the problems. On a starlit summer night, when as many as fifteen thousand people are bedded down on the narrow floor of Yosemite Valley, the law of averages ensures that a few children will wander unnoticed from the family camp site and get lost among the avenues of tents and sleeping bags. Most children big enough to wander can also tell their parents' name, however, and a quick check of the camp-site register at ranger headquarters usually results in reuniting the family, sometimes even before the child has been missed.

Bears present another problem. Bears are cute. They look like overgrown nursery toys, and the fact that they



Picnic tables and sanitary facilities are provided at camp site in Yosemite National Park



Trailer brings comforts of home to fishermen at Diamond Lake, Oregon

possess long claws, fearful teeth, and sometimes bearish dispositions frequently comes as a shock to people familiar only with the Walt Disney version.

There was the visitor to Yellowstone who, after he got out of the hospital, descended in righteous fury upon ranger headquarters. Yes, he had stayed in his car, just as he had been told to do. No, he had not fed the bear. Even the most clairvoyant ranger could hardly be expected to foresee that the man, munching a sandwich in his car, would open the door and let the bear climb in and sit beside him. The bear sat politely while the man continued to eat. This was poor hospitality, and the bear reacted with a blow of two-inch claws that all but removed the man's face.

Yellowstone rangers still tell ruefully of the family that meticulously heeded all precautions about bears. They fed none. They hung all provisions from a high limb sufficiently far from the camp site. They kept close watch on the children. After all were asleep the only grizzly to be seen thereabouts in two years strolled through the camp site, pausing just long enough to bite each camper right through his sleeping bag.

Yosemite rangers hit on a solution to the bear problem. They would feed the bears every afternoon at four o'clock at the far end of the valley, well away from the camping



area. Full and happy, the bears would stay there instead of rummaging among the tents at night. The bears did precisely that, but the people flocked into the feeding area by the thousand. Cooing with delight, they walked among the feeding carnivores, caressing them and even patting them on the head. Before the custom was discontinued more than sixty people went to the hospital.

Generally, campers are more beset by small animals than by large ones. Foxes are stealthy scavengers and raccoons are highly efficient burglars. Neither of these is in the same league with skunks. A skunk is slow-moving, persistent, unafraid, and very curious about the contents of boxes, cans, and sleeping bags.

Though the National Parks are maintained primarily for recreational purposes, not every part of them is carpeted with tourists. In most there are large areas wild enough for anyone. But it may be that the true camper-out type will find the National Forests more nearly his cup of hemlock.

These 149 areas are managed primarily for the good of their natural resources. This includes water conservation, forestry, and game management. There are no tourist promotions, but the Forest Service sponsors guided pack trips on horseback into remoter parts of seventy-nine primeval wilderness areas. This is roughing it, and a ten- to fifteen-day trip costs \$150 to \$250 per person, including horse, grub, and camping gear. Bring your own liniment.

Ski lifts and lodges are operated by concessionaires, as are a large number of other resort lodges. However, these, as well as the 4,400 camp sites, are carefully located where they will not interfere with the forest denizens who were there first. Those who go camping on their own in the National Forests must bring all their gear with them. The primitive cabins (for which the highest charge is twenty-five cents per person per night) do no more than keep the rain off and the bugs out, and most camp areas offer little more than picnic benches and the ground on which to pitch your tent.

Fishing in season is permitted in most National Forests. Depending on the animal population in a given area, some are open to hunting. The upland-game-bird

*Pack-trippers on the trail near Cathedral Rock in Salmon National Forest, Idaho*



*Family home away from home on beach near Cape Hatteras*

man can get quail, grouse, and wild turkey; the rifleman can line up anything from a squirrel to the giant Alaskan brown bear in his sights. There are National Forests in thirty-eight states, Puerto Rico, and Alaska.

The camper who needs even more elbow room can take his pick of 919 state parks with camping facilities (Michigan alone has 72, New York 65).

The Appalachian Trail is the woodsman's delight, but the tenderfoot can take it in small doses, until his blisters heal. The trail begins at Mount Katahdin, in Maine, and loops through thirteen states to Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia, 2,020 miles away. It passes through a number of National Parks and National Forests. Here and there the spread of civilization has forced it to parallel a highway for a short distance. The rest of its length lies through private farms and forests whose owners have given permission. It is strictly a foot trail. Overnight shelters range from rustic cabins to the simplest of lean-tos. No food, bedding, or bunion plasters are available. The footsore and hungry must leave the trail and go down into town or village to buy these amenities. The Trail is an amateur accomplishment, conceived, organized, and laid out by people who like to walk in the woods. Except in National Park and Forest areas, all maintenance is by volunteers.

Many thousands have enjoyed the Trail since its completion in 1937, but the most famous recent hiker is seventy-year-old Mrs. Emma Gatewood, of Gallipolis, Ohio. In 1955 Mrs. Gatewood walked the Trail from south to north in 146 days. She enjoyed it so much that last year she walked it again. This time it took her two days longer.

Along the Pacific Coast a similar foot trail to reach 2,265 miles from Canada to Mexico is being developed along the same lines.

The most popular vehicle for family camping is the station wagon. It is as swift and comfortable as a standard automobile, and has enough cargo space for the camping gear of the average family, with more room on top if needed. The trailer has also contributed enormously to outdoor living. For camping (excluding house trailers), these may range from a seventy-dollar, one-wheel open box with a load limit of five hundred pounds to a three-thousand-dollar aluminum genie that offers ice water, bottled cooking gas, cold beer, foam-rubber bunks, and electricity.



*Pounding surf showers visitors at Acadia National Park on rugged Maine coast*



*Anhinga Trail shelter in Everglades National Park, Florida, is a favorite spot for photographing wildlife*

My own choice of an outdoor vehicle is the indomitable jeep. It is neither very fast nor excessively comfortable. Its lack of space rigidly forbids frills in camping gear. But by deflating, careful packing, and doing without, we are always able to stow what we really need. And the jeep's four-wheel drive and low gear range will take us anywhere we need to go.

Inevitably, the U.S. obsession with gadgets has played its part in new comfort for the camper. The air mattress revolutionized camping nearly as much as the invention of gunpowder changed warfare. With a tiny, lightweight block and tackle rigged with nylon cord, a man can lift or pull what once required a team of horses. Modern insect repellents, while they may dissolve the frame of your spectacles, will keep the bugs out of biting range better and longer than the oil of citronella we once used with more hope than effect. Dehydrated foods make feeding the family in the woods a simple chore compared to the ordeal of planning, refrigeration, and transport this once was.

Tents used to be heavy and bulky, and setting one up required cutting and trimming a number of long poles. Today's lightweight waterproof fabrics cut both weight and work to a fraction, and new tent designs have brought even greater changes. Once the camper had his

choice of the wall tent, the "explorer" style, or the square umbrella type. The Spartan used a pup tent. Wall, explorer, and umbrella tents are still favored designs, but the materials are lighter and stronger, and lightweight collapsible aluminum frames have about done away with the shin-banging center pole. World War II produced the "mountain tent," a pup-sized shelter of nylon with sewed-in floor and mosquito-netting door. This abode weighs ounces to the old standard pup tent's pounds, and will sleep two adults. The high-wall "cottage" tent is a pleasant innovation, with its generous screen panels for ventilation. Other tents have been designed specifically as extensions to cars or station wagons, and two firms manufacture ingenious canvas "boots" that slide over the rear end of a station wagon, converting it into a pullman. Perhaps the most notable new design is the Pop-Tent, an igloo-shaped affair of nylon and glass-fiber ribs weighing next to nothing. It needs neither poles, ropes, nor stakes. To set it up takes about thirty seconds. You squash down the ribs, twist a locking device with the other hand, and lift the whole thing off the ground. It pops into shape and there you are. Seven feet six inches in diameter, six feet high, sewed-in floor, and insect screens.

A few camping necessities never change. I cannot remember when the Coleman gasoline lantern did not shed a circle of brilliant white light around our camp at night. This design is still the same, and apparently nothing better has been devised. An axe, a shovel, nested cooking utensils, and Marble's waterproof matchbox look just as they always did and perform as dependably.

Buying camping gear is a seductive pastime that can wreck the budget of the unwary. The safest method is to add a major item or two each year. Experience and comparing notes with other campers will help you decide on the next thing to buy. When your mind is made up, go and get that item and get out.

Choose your tent with extreme care. It is not only the most expensive single item in your outfit; it will be your family's home while camping. Whichever type you decide upon, be sure it has a sewed-in floor and insect screens. It will cost about a hundred dollars. Unless you know tents, beware the reconditioned war-surplus "bargain."

A sleeping bag may be the new disposable type made of paper, or it may be filled with kapok or crumpled synthetics, but nothing has ever equaled waterfowl down as insulation. Prices may vary as much as one hundred dollars, and the twelve-fifty Boy Scout special is fine for most summer camping.

These values are all relative. My young son has snored loud enough to frighten the owls while bedded on an upside-down rubber boat and wrapped in a sail, and I have achieved unconsciousness, if not comfort, on the bare ground.

For a family of four, the entire collection of gear will total around three hundred dollars. There is no upkeep, and, short of catastrophe, none of it will ever have to be replaced. It will pay for itself within two or three years of limited use in the saving on resort bills.

The do-it-yourself fan has a virtually foolproof field

in camping equipment. For one thing, the more rough-hewn the appearance of the final product, the more appropriate. My own most memorable production is a hand-sewn tent entirely of nylon mosquito netting. In the eastern United States, where I live, mosquitoes are a far graver menace than bad weather. Most tents get too hot for a proper daytime refuge when mosquitoes are bad. At odd moments for a year I stitched the interminable seams, reinforced the corners, sewed in loops of nylon cord for the guy ropes, and made a collapsible frame of aluminum tubing. Pitched in the yard, the tent was an unmitigated success. Adults stood up straight and walked around in it and admired me. Neighborhood children played house in it. Bugs couldn't get in.

To test it under field conditions, I took it and my sleeping bag to a mosquito-ridden forest not far away. A small cloud appeared on the horizon just before my departure, and I thoughtfully added a light-weight tarpaulin. By sundown the tent was snugly pitched, the air mattress inflated, the sleeping bag ready, and the whole sky charcoal gray. Hurriedly I slung the tarp between four tree limbs above the gossamer shelter. The sky rumbled, spat long streaks of fire, and poured down the first rain in three months. As the cascading water collected in the tarp, its weight bent the tree limbs, and the tarp sagged into the top of the tent like an appendix about to rupture. I raised my arms and pushed the center of the tarp as high as I could reach. The displaced water ran down the sides and splashed on the ground, spattering every article in the tent. Unsupported, the tarp filled about every three minutes—it was not worthwhile to sit down between times. I stood in the pose of the Statue of Liberty, consoling myself with the thought that no such cloudburst could last long. It did last. After nearly an hour I gathered up the spongy mass that had been ground cloth, mattress, and sleeping bag, and waded with them to the jeep. I now have a high, rigid frame that goes above the tent, and a larger tarp. I hope it works.

It is advisable to start your camping career gradually. Camp a couple of times in pup tents. The investment will be small, the load and work light. If you like it, you will like it still more in a bigger tent. The pup tents will always be useful as supply tents, or as pocket-size Siberias for the banishment of uncooperative children. Wait until you have a bigger tent before taking your wife along, unless she already knows something about camping. Pup tents are not designed for women, who seem to sense this and resent it.

When you do get your big tent, hold a couple of dress rehearsals in the yard. Assign certain specific tasks to each member of the family big enough to do anything. Even if the task is not essential, it will keep them from sitting around wondering audibly why it's taking Daddy so long to get the tent up.

Stowing the gear in the car is almost as important as what you have. The first things to come out at the campground are stove, cooking utensils, food for the next meal, and tent, in that order. Next, mattresses and sleeping bags. Once the next meal and a place to sleep are

assured, you can take your time about providing the other amenities of your camp. Keep flashlights and drinking water where you can always get them without burrowing under a lot of other things. A check list is not a bad idea.

The beginning camper must remember that nature, whether in the cypress fastness of Okefenokee Swamp or on the naked peaks of the Rockies, takes no care of any creature. Man inhabits the wilderness on the same terms as wolf and otter. He survives or not according to his ability to cope with wilderness conditions. In the National Parks and National Forests, well-marked trails and the Ranger Service have mitigated the odds to the point where only the careless are in danger. Make proper preparations for the region where you intend to camp. If you are headed for the seventy miles of ocean beach in Hatteras National Park, be sure your mosquito netting is sound, and take a couple of bug-bombs and extra-long tent stakes. In the high sierras take warm clothing and stout shoes. In desert areas, take more water than you think you will need. In any place big enough to get lost, take a compass. Before you go, write to the park or forest superintendent for information. When you arrive, check in at ranger headquarters and tell them where you are headed and how long you expect to stay. Pay attention to the rules.

Get to your destination early enough to set up camp and have your fire going before sundown. Few human frustrations equal that of an after-dark struggle with twenty square yards of recalcitrant canvas. If a brisk wind blows, your tent becomes a vicious antagonist. If it rains, or mosquitoes gather to the feast, or both, you will wish you had never been born.

But the next morning, or the one after, you will crawl out of the sack to watch the sun produce a day as pristine and shining as the first dawn of creation. Whether it rises to look on an emptiness of sea and wind-scoured beach, or to thrust javelins of light among the somber evergreens of the mountains, you will feel the touch of the infinite.

You won't find this indoors, and the experience can be habit-forming. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Looking out of Santa Elena Canyon  
of the Rio Grande in Big Bend National  
Park, Texas, on Mexican border*





LEYENDA

ALDÉNIZ

A. SEGOVIA

# rhapsody for guitar

a short story by **GERMÁN TÉLLEZ**

illustrations by **LEO HERSHFIELD**

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. . . .

John Keats: "Ode on a Grecian Urn"

THE GUITAR, wrapped in a coarse cloth, looked as if it had died, had been shrouded, and then had been buried in that heap of old things I was poking through. Dismantled bedsteads; broken chairs; absurd, useless little tables; jars and bottles; dented teakettles; scarred trays—and a guitar. An elegant, voluptuous guitar made of white wood that made me forget what I had been looking for in that cold, dark cellar. An old magazine or a faded newspaper that had suddenly become indispensable? A piece of glass or some cardboard? A curtain rod? What difference? There it was again, as fascinating as ever, Walter's guitar.

Two strings were missing, and the others gave out only plaintive metallic twangs. But its magnetism had not been dulled by abandonment and oblivion.

Walter's guitar, now mute, took me backward in time and across the Atlantic in space. And the shadowy cellar gradually filled with memories of its clear, fragile sound.

\* \* \*

Walter lived on the top floor of the apartment building. The rest of us—students, tourists, vagabonds—moved in and out of the other gloomy rooms like gypsies. Only

GERMÁN TÉLLEZ, a young Colombian architect, has had several short stories and translations published in the Bogotá newspapers *El Tiempo* and *Dominical*. LEO HERSHFIELD is a well-known Washington illustrator.

Walter managed to have, if not a home, at least a well-established base of operations. When I first met him ("Good evening, neighbor!" "Good evening!"), he had been a tenant in that dismal gray building for eleven years and could easily have stayed on for forty but for—

"I'm a metal worker," he told me unsmilingly one evening as we were riding "home" on the streetcar. "I run a precision lathe," he added, with a note of professional pride.

That trade suited Walter almost too well. Shy and uncommunicative, our top-floor neighbor led a routine, methodical life filled with habits that were as correct and precise as the metal pieces he turned out with his lathe. ("Today's manganese steel allows a tolerance of one twentieth of a millimeter on a piece like that, Herr Schnitker. . . .") Always calm and unruffled, he was painfully unlike the crowd of noisy, belligerent Europeans and Latins in that building.

None of us ever talked with Walter for more than ten minutes. But we all remember the telling remarks he would slip into a conversation, without emphasis, with no dramatic pause, almost imperceptibly. The growing suspicion that he was an extraordinary person who jealously hoarded his intelligence and understanding led us to try to draw him into our circle, where there was an atmosphere of controversy and antipathy that would clash with the unyielding edges of Walter's personality.

We failed completely. Agreeable, immutable, Walter barricaded himself in his quiet, well-ordered domain. ("I beg your pardon, but I must go to bed." "I'm sorry, but I don't drink alcoholic beverages." "That's a good subject for an all-night debate, if this were the night to discuss it. With your permission, gentlemen, I'll go to my room. Excuse me.")

It was the most beautiful spring we had had in many a year when Walter decided to tear down the barrier between himself and the outside world. Everything was so dazzling that it hardly seemed real. In our neighborhood, songbirds left over from a more romantic past perched on the slate roofs, the lampposts, the clotheslines, the chimneys. They undoubtedly would have warbled incessantly from the trees, if there had been any. Flowers in window boxes sprouted vigorously, only to be blackened immediately by smoke and soot.

To what spring-induced impulse would Walter succumb (in more than one sense of the word)? Perhaps the same one that made us snatch a pale, moronic little boy's rubber ball and organize a wild soccer game in the park? Or maybe the one that made solemn students of higher mathematics covertly write touching and deplorable poetry? Now we shall never know.

One evening I ran into Walter on the stairs.

"Ah! Pardon me. I—"

"Not at all. What have you there?"

For once Walter looked confused, almost guilty. Blushing, he muttered something incoherent. The bundle he was carrying was too big to conceal, and apparently too embarrassing to be explained easily.

Walter dashed up to his top-floor apartment with the package—a handsome Spanish guitar, made of white wood, in a case.

From then on into the first days of winter, hesitant, disconnected sounds from the guitar told us that Walter, the impenetrable, the enigmatic, had discovered music. A wondrous new world!

How could we have known then that Walter, on a Sunday-morning walk in the park, had stopped near a blind man who played a dilapidated guitar beautifully, and had stood there a long time, as if hypnotized, absorbing the music and the spring, both of them sweet and slightly old-fashioned?

How could we have found out that Walter, contrary to his ironclad habit of getting home at seven-fifteen on the dot (leave work at six, eat dinner and read the paper from six-thirty to seven-five, make the ten-minute walk from the restaurant to the apartment house), had paid a memorable visit to the music store?

"We have splendid accordions—"

"No. You see, I'd like—"

"We have received some small pianos that have exceptionally fine tone—"

"No. No. I don't think a piano would—"

"Ah! I know. You want an instrument with a wide range of possibilities. I know just the one. The electric organ—"

No! Neither an organ, nor a violin, nor a wretched piano was what he wanted. How could he explain to that abysmally ignorant salesman that only a guitar could express everything that those perfect spring days were stirring up—for the first time—in his soul? That only a guitar could speak, musically, the language of the soul?

"Here you are. A very fine Spanish guitar. Especially for you. The price is reasonable too. We haven't sold it, thinking perhaps the right customer would come along—somebody like you."

That winter it snowed as never before. The snow in our neighborhood was dirty, trampled, mixed with mud and garbage. This snow was not poetic, nor did it symbolize anything but the cold that nipped at ears, eyes, and hands.

One night Walter plodded home through the falling snow. He stopped just inside the door, looking soberly at the group of us that had gathered in the small lobby. He wore a hood that made him look a little like an Arctic explorer. After he took it off, nervously, he kept twisting it in his hands and brushing off the frost.

"Gentlemen, if you would. . . . I'd like to invite you up to my apartment." And Walter smiled, like someone who had never learned how as a child.

There was a silence, thick layers of stupor, timidity, and confusion. The offer was unprecedented. Up to then only the maid had had access to Walter's abode. But it was cold, and Walter might have an electric heater that would make us feel at peace with the world again.

Yes. Our incomprehensible friend did indeed have an electric heater, and a bottle of ancient cognac. Everything was in perfect order. It was the orderliness that parents

try (naively) to instill in their children ("You must put your toys, your books, your clothes, your whole life in order") as an infallible formula for happiness. Walter would have made an excellent soldier, because his quarters, dull and lifeless, were neat as a pin.

Ceremoniously, Walter lifted the guitar from its case, as gently as if it were a baby. His gesture cut short our lively conversation, leaving once again an awkward silence. Walter looked around, blushing, and handed me a sort of pamphlet.

"You read music, don't you? Please open that to page fourteen. Thank you. Now, please stop me if I make a mistake."

Page fourteen. "Leyenda," by Albéniz.

The guitar's resonant tones floated into the corners of the room. Melancholy. The infinite melancholy of a musical instrument that was made to tell of woe and loneliness. Woven, rather than played, on the guitar, the "Leyenda" was perfect. Arabesques and subtle nuances emerged as if from a fountain. For a few fleeting moments the magical white wooden box released its delicate sounds, then it closed, greedy and implacable.

Walter played excellently, but only one piece.

We did not understand why, after his brief solo, Walter carefully returned the guitar to its black case and closed it with an air of finality. We clapped idiotically. Applause, really a stupid gesture, is a remnant of tribal barbarity—praising the creation of pleasant sounds with raucous, disagreeable noise. As if music for the soul could be exalted in such an absurd way! Cruelly, we asked for an encore. Walter smiled and smiled, painfully, until we stopped. What he wouldn't have given to be able to satisfy us with some popular, soothing melody! Or to improvise, or to fool us by playing finger exercises, explaining soberly: "Modern music, by Castelnuovo-Tedesco."

But so many years of a strictly methodical, unimaginative, humorless life inhibited him. Inflexible routine, dating from his childhood, had gradually confined Walter's mind to only one track. He had learned a trade that was ideal for atrophying the imagination and reducing everything to an order, a system, a set of precise instructions that had to be followed to the letter. ("First, put the lever in position three. Second, regulate the speed of the main shaft by pressing pedal B. Third, . . .")

Without regulations, without precise instructions, he was lost. "Please stop me if I make a mistake." His soul, intoxicated with the lyricism of spring, had not anticipated that his rigid, narrow, benumbed mind would be unable to fathom the mystery of melody.

"I can't learn anything but the 'Leyenda,'" he would say bitterly. "When I try to learn another piece, I get all confused. I don't get anywhere because I tend to revert to the method of the 'Leyenda.'"

Ah, "the method" of the "Leyenda"! To Walter, the simple shorthand of the score was a "method." He had mastered that "system" to perfection, and obviously his subconscious could conceive no other.

A few hours before dawn on one of the last days of winter, someone pounded on my door. Three blows that sounded like rifle shots. Then, an eerie silence, which added further mystery to the percussion solo.

I opened the door. Stiff with cold, dirty, rumpled, and pitifully drunk, Walter smiled at me rather imbecilically and shrugged.

"My friend!" he shrieked. And then, in almost a whisper: "I'm a generous man—"

Putting a hand on his shoulder, I invited him in. He flatly refused. He reiterated how generous he was and added: "I'm here to give you a present, friend." He looked around, as if to make sure no one was watching or listening, and leaned toward me, confidentially. "A very important gift, very important. Useful, extraordinary, or whatever you like."

When I realized that this incredible conversation could go on for hours, there in that chilly hall, I grabbed his arm and pulled. He staggered into the room, dragging his famous white guitar behind him.

As he dropped heavily into a chair, he tenderly laid the instrument on the table. Then he pointed straight at it.

"It follows me," he said, his voice quavering, partly from deep sorrow and partly from bad liquor. "That's why I'm giving it to you. Albéniz's 'Leyenda' haunts me wherever I go. It doesn't let me work in peace. It obsesses me. If you only knew— All of a sudden I find myself whistling that hideous melody. And at night I dream I'm playing the 'Leyenda' on the guitar for hours and hours. Believe me, even in my nightmares I hear those cursed notes so clearly—I can't escape them, I can't rest. If you knew that I can't rest—"

With the *ritornello* of drunkenness, the poignant monologue continued through the night. The morning, sad like Walter and drunk too, with wind and cold, had come when I finally deposited my friend in his bedroom.

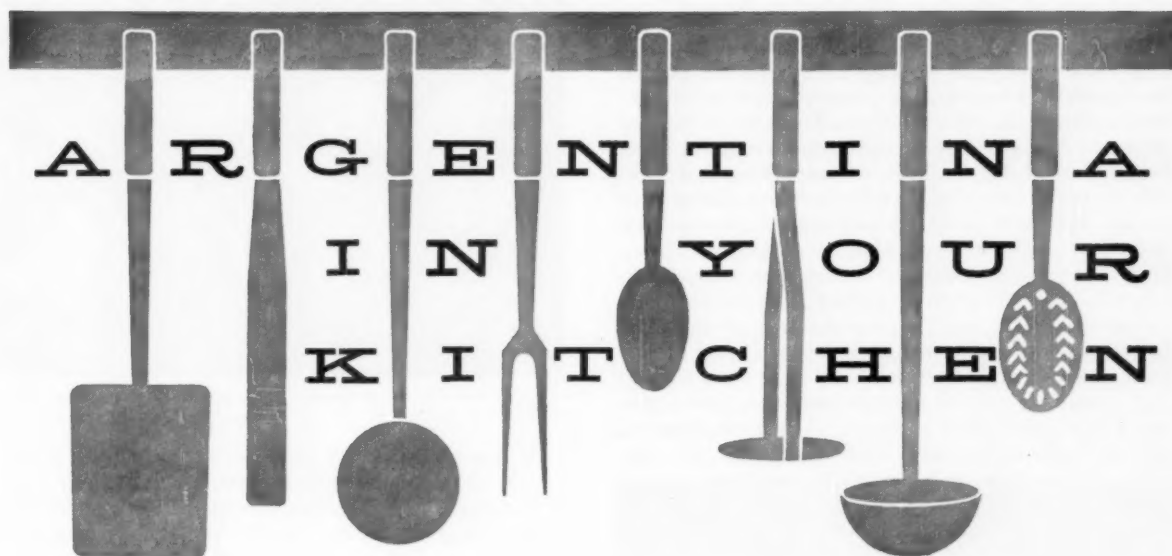
There were three detectives. They came the afternoon of that same day and questioned us all. Then we were taken to the police morgue. There was Walter, on a marble slab, quiet, orderly, resting at last.

"The coroner's report says that he died by drowning," said the Chief Inspector. "Of course he did. Anyone who deliberately jumps from the bridge into the river dies one way or another. A suicide, no doubt, but," he added, with a threatening note, "we'll investigate his whole past to find out why. You all know very well that a man doesn't commit suicide for just any foolish reason."

No. Policemen cannot believe, must not believe, stories about spring and guitar music. ♦ ♦ ♦







**FLORENCE L. GROSSMAN**

COOKING has always been my avocation, and my husband—a wine merchant—has done a great deal of lecturing, teaching, and writing about food and wine. So we were not the people to waste our opportunities when we went to live in Argentina in 1943. Every known vegetable grows in Argentina's fertile soil, the fruit is wonderful, and it is hardly necessary to mention the meat. And the Argentines feel as we do about good food.

An Argentine will tell you that he eats no breakfast—but he does take *maté* or *café au lait* and a buttered roll. At lunchtime, shops and offices close for two hours while everyone goes home for soup, cold cuts or *pasta*, a meat dish (usually steak), potatoes, salad, fruit, and coffee. No salad lunches, even in restaurants. By five, thoughts are turning to tea, which goes on until seven. The *confiterías* do a thriving business in high teas of thin sandwiches, pastries, toast, and jam, and waiters staggering under loaded trays scurry through the streets taking tea to office workers. But this English custom supplements rather than interferes with the native habit of stopping perhaps a dozen times a day for a demitasse of strong black coffee at the *Café do Brasil* or other stand-up coffee bars. No wonder the dinner hour is anywhere from nine to ten-thirty. And the meal is as hearty as lunch was.

Every country develops its national dishes from the products that are most plentiful. In Argentina, of course, this means beef. When we were put on two "meatless days" a week in 1955, as the result of a shortage caused by a drought, the country went into universal mourning—yet you could get all the lamb, pork, and fowl you wanted on those days. Only, no beef, and Argentines

consider a meal without beef to be no meal at all.

The conquering Spaniards of the sixteenth century, in their mad rush to find gold and silver, overlooked the wealth of the pampas. They abandoned their cattle and horses there, and for two hundred years the animals ran wild on those vast, rich plains, multiplying to forty million head before the land was colonized. Then came the gaucho, who would make his home wherever he stopped to rest, lasso and kill a steer, cut off a choice morsel, and roast it on a skewer over his campfire; thus he invented the *asado* or outdoor barbecue, still the most popular way of entertaining large numbers of people. In the last century a large colony of Englishmen settled in Argentina; wars have brought European refugees of many nationalities. There are French and Germans, Austrians and Poles, and all have contributed something of their national eating habits. But only the *pastas* of the Italians—the second-largest element of the population—have been adopted as part of the daily Argentine fare: noodles of every width; *ravioli*; *gnocchi*; *cappelletti*; my own favorite, *canelloni*; but, oddly enough to a North American, no spaghetti.

I shall never forget my first visit to the Mercado del Plata, the big central market on Avenida Nueve de Julio. In the United States marketing is part of the day's chores, but in Buenos Aires the lady of the house never, *never* does her own. Much as I like going to market, I tried at first to "do as the Romans do," but that meant we ate nothing but steak. You can tire even of that. So off I went. To one fresh from wartime New York, it was breathtaking—stall after stall of huge sides of beef, pork, lamb, and kid, strings of sausages and chickens, all hanging like a fringed curtain above the counters. Now I could indulge every whim!

It was another thing to know what to buy. At first I

FLORENCE L. GROSSMAN lived in Buenos Aires for thirteen years. A charter member of the Wine and Food Society of New York, she has written extensively on cookery and, with a friend, is compiling a cookbook.

attributed my confusion to my difficulties with the metric system, the value of the peso, and the Spanish language. (For one thing, even when I knew the word in Castilian, the Argentine for it might be something quite different: *choclo* instead of *maíz* for "corn," *panceta* instead of *tocino* for "bacon," and so on through a long list.) But soon I realized that beef was cut up differently; certain cuts seemed to have disappeared and others to have been created. Nor were meats officially graded; if you knew meat you could take your pick, at no premium price. There were no porterhouse or T-bone steaks; the tenderloin was removed and sold separately. Ribs of beef were cut up into steaks too. To get a standing rib roast you had to make a special issue of it. Brisket of beef seemed to be non-existent, but I knew it had to be there. I found that it was cut up into long strips about four inches wide and a yard long, sliced to the end of the plate. This was sold for *puchero*, the traditional boiled dinner, and to my



For two centuries cattle ran wild on pampas. Now they must stay within farm fences. These are prize Herefords



Outdoor barbecue. In Argentina and Uruguay a meal without beef is no meal at all

astonishment it cost the equivalent of fifteen cents a pound, versus a dollar a pound in New York. Short ribs were also cut across the bone into strips. Called *asado de tira* at restaurants, they are threaded on a spit and broiled over a charcoal fire—a wonderful way to treat them.

Eventually I found a fine meat stall owned by a French-speaking Basque, who was amiable enough to explain things and cater to my needs. He made sketches on his marble counter to show me where the *colita de cuadril* and the *palomita* came from. These cuts were in the shape of a fillet, with no fat—something like a muscle between sinews—and came from the end of the sirloin; not as tender as steak, but very good braised or roasted slowly. *Bola de lomo*, a ball of meat cut out of the rump and sliced thinly, is another Argentine innovation, used exclusively in the making of breaded cutlets. This dish is generally made of veal, but white baby veal disappeared from the market after a drought, when the slaughtering of young calves was forbidden, and what you got was almost as red as beef.

María, our jewel of a maid, warned me not to market on Mondays because the meat would not be fresh. She was appalled when I cooled beef in the refrigerator for a few days before using it, but I was just as much opposed to the flavor and texture of freshly killed meat. You cannot tell Argentines that aged beef is edible, but you can get it in many large restaurants and hotels, which buy some of the quality beef "chilled" for shipment to England.

For fowl and game I found Ciarlotti, who had a large market stall and a rotisserie shop, where you would always find a crowd watching the deboning of baby chicks. These were turned inside out and then back again with only the wing-bone left in—a service costing ten cents a bird. A platter of these little chicks plumply stuffed, covered with cream, and baked in the oven makes a very attractive dish.

Paulino, of the best vegetable stall, took delight in selecting the best for me and would even deliver a large order to my home. In Argentina, it is customary to serve a vegetable course before the entrée, such as asparagus with Hollandaise sauce, or string beans cooked with tomatoes. An avocado filled with Russian dressing is also served as a first course.

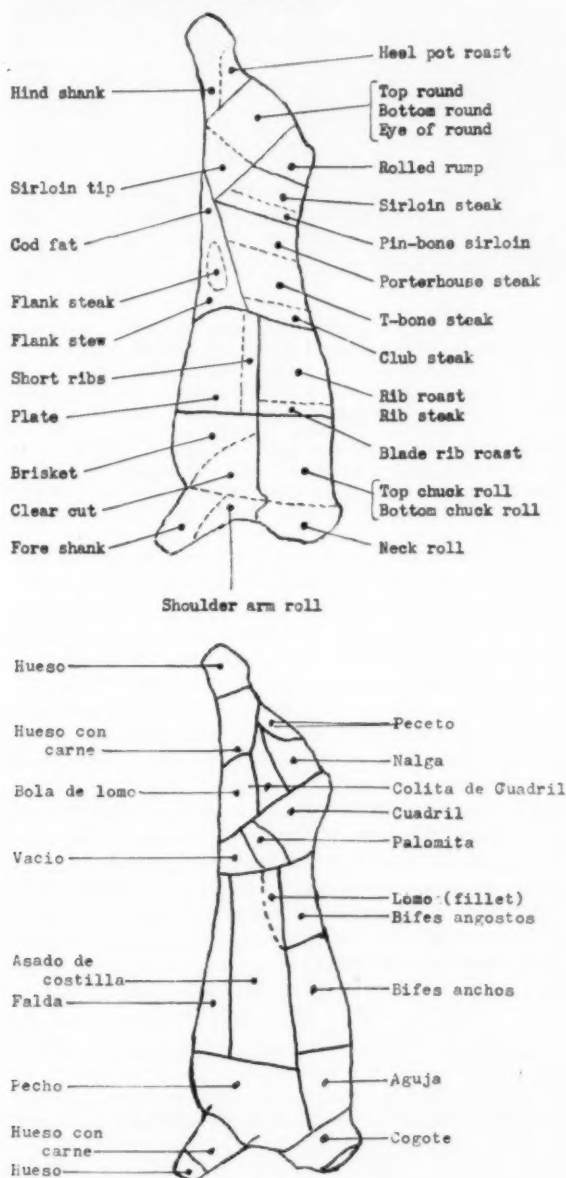
The best fish stall was owned by twin brothers—real old-timers. It took me a long time to find out there were two of them. I would ask to have some fish filleted and dash around to do the rest of my marketing; when I came back, it would be "the other one," who knew nothing about my order. I never saw green shrimp in the Buenos Aires markets. They are plunged into boiling salt water the minute they come out of the sea at Mar del Plata, and are very tiny. What are called *langostinos* (crayfish) are really enormous shrimp, double the price of the others. They are served with a "Golf Sauce," which is similar to Russian dressing. Mussels are plentiful and cheap, and are served *a la marinera* (cooked gently in the shell in a court bouillon with white wine) in every restaurant. Lobsters and crab meat must be flown over from Chile and are priced for celebrations only.

One fish, the slim, silvery *pejerrey*, indigenous to the surrounding waters, is in a class by itself. It has hardly

any scales, and its flesh is firm and white. The larger-sized *pejerrey*, which comes from the Paraná River and costs almost twice as much as the smaller, is usually filleted and fried in this excellent fashion: first it is sprinkled with salt, pepper, and lemon juice; then it is dried, dredged in flour, dipped in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs, and fried in hot olive oil; it is served with tartar sauce. One of my own recipes for the smaller fillets is to place seasoned layers of them in a buttered ovenproof serving dish, cover them completely with sweet cream, sprinkle fine bread crumbs and just a little grated Parmesan cheese over the top, and bake them in a medium oven for thirty-five minutes, until browned on top.

The side streets surrounding the market are lined with

#### U.S. and Argentine ways of cutting beef



food shops: bakeries with long fluted loaves, crusty rolls, Italian bread sticks; *pasta* shops with their machines clicking out the myriad varieties; delicatessens and grocery stores. What catches the eye first is the windows stacked high with local cheeses of every description; many are exported, but one of my own favorites, *cuartirolo* (somewhat like a creamy Bel Paese), is never shipped because it is too delicate to travel.

When I had bought all I could carry, I would stop at a sidewalk café for *café au lait* and croissants with sweet butter before taking a taxi home. I enjoyed every minute of it.

We had not been long in Argentina before Ramona, María's predecessor, introduced us to a popular dish. Ramona knew little about cooking, but she was the soul of goodness and sang *criollo* songs all day long. She was of Quechua stock, with long black hair and only three widely separated teeth in the upper row. When she came for her interview, she told us quite humbly that she knew she was ugly but was willing and able. My husband told her we were not looking for a movie star, and she burst into a cascade of tinkling laughter. That decided it for us.

One day a cousin came to visit her from her home town in Santiago del Estero, bringing a whole skinned kid. I had never eaten *chivito* before, but when Ramona offered to cook it for us, I could not hurt her feelings by refusing the present. The trouble was, she only knew how to barbecue it over an open fire. Thinking it might be gamy, I decided to experiment. I saturated it with lemon juice; added some olive oil, chopped onion and parsley, salt and pepper, and a clove of garlic; and let it stand overnight. The next day I took it out of the marinade, dotted it with bits of butter, and roasted it as I would lamb. It was a most excellent dish. Kid is light pink, tender, and delicate in flavor. It is sold in the markets and is on the menu at all restaurants that serve grilled food.

Eventually I felt I had to get a maid who could cook, and with much weeping and hand-kissing Ramona went off to a job I had found her with a woman who was only interested in her cheerful disposition—Ramona was to work as kitchenmaid with an extremely ill-humored chef. On one of her visits, she told me how she learned—the hard way—about making a fish sauce. Trying to be very efficient, she emptied and washed the saucepan as soon as the fish was removed. When the chef turned back to the stove, he flew into such a rage that the housekeeper had a hard time restraining him from violence. Ramona had thrown away the court bouillon he needed for his sauce.

It was then that we had the good fortune to inherit María from friends who were leaving Argentina. She stayed with us for twelve years. Though not what you would call a professional cook, María had a fine sense of taste, and we never had a dull meal. I taught her several of my recipes, which she improved upon, and I learned a few from her. Her best dishes were the simple ones, those you usually have at family meals and never serve to guests—soups, stews, omelets, and custards—but one day she surprised us with a magnificent *mousse*



*au chocolat*. Two of her favorite winter soups, typical of the provinces, were *buseca* (similar to a minestrone) and *loco de choclo desgranado* (corn soup). Both rich and nourishing, they were almost a meal in themselves.

#### BUSECA (4 servings)

1 lb. tripe, cut in fine strips	2 potatoes, cut in cubes
3 tablespoons oil	1 quart soup stock, or hot
1 onion, cut fine	water with bouillon cube
1 tomato, peeled and chopped	1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon tomato conserve	parsley, chopped
¼ lb. dry white beans	salt
1 carrot, diced	1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese

Partially cook beans; wash tripe thoroughly, cut into fine strips, cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Drain. In a large skillet, brown the onion slightly in the hot oil; add tripe, tomato, and tomato conserve and cook together for a few minutes. Turn this into a soup pot with a quart of stock, or hot water with a bouillon cube, add carrot, beans, bay leaf, and parsley, and season well with salt. Bring to a boil, skim, then cover and simmer for about two hours, adding the potatoes and grated cheese the last fifteen minutes. If the liquid cooks down, add a little hot water from time to time. When everything is tender, serve with more grated cheese to sprinkle over the soup.

#### LOCO DE CHOCLO DESGRANADO (4 to 6 servings)

6 ears of corn	2 carrots
2 lbs. flank or brisket of beef, cut in small pieces	2 white potatoes
2 sweet potatoes, medium size	1 onion
piece of pumpkin	1 sweet red pepper

Cut kernels off corncobs, then grate the husks to remove all the corn; cut vegetables into pieces. Half fill a good-sized soup pot with boiling water, add the corn, cook a few minutes, then add the meat. Season with salt and let cook slowly for an hour, skimming occasionally. Add the potatoes, pumpkin, carrots, and onion, and cook until meat and vegetables are tender. This soup should be quite thick, but if more liquid is necessary, add a little hot water from time to time. Cut the pepper into strips, fry them in a little hot oil, and add a few to each serving.

Pumpkin, used in soups, in stews, as a vegetable, sometimes solid and other times puréed, and as a sweet, is the most important vegetable on the board. (Yet Maria thought that the candied sweet potatoes I prepared to accompany baked ham were "very strange.") It is an essential ingredient of *puchero*.

This is the staple meal of the country. On large ranches, a pot of *puchero* is always simmering on the fire. It is made of beef boiled for two or three hours, with vegetables added for the last half hour. When it is intended for the host's table, a hen is cooked with the meat and vegetables. The vegetables, except for the indispensable pumpkin, vary with the season. Sometimes cabbage, cut up in sections, is added also.

#### PUCHERO (6 to 8 servings)

3 lbs. brisket of beef	4 sweet potatoes, pared
2 lbs. short ribs	4 potatoes, pared
3 highly seasoned sausages (Italian or Spanish type)	1 lb. pumpkin, cut large
thin slice salt pork	3 ears corn, cut in 2-inch pieces
4 carrots, whole	2 onions
½ lb. chick-peas, soaked overnight (optional)	parsley, celery, leeks, salt and pepper
	cooked rice

In a large soup pot, cover meat, sausages, salt pork, parsley, celery, and leeks with water and bring to a boil. Skim thoroughly, season with salt and pepper, add chick-peas, if desired. Let simmer until meat is almost cooked. Add all the vegetables, then cook slowly until vegetables and meat are tender. Skim frequently while cooking. Correct seasoning. Serve the broth with a little cooked rice, the meat and vegetables with horseradish sauce or mustard.

There are only a few other traditional dishes. *Cazuela* is a chicken stew made in a casserole and simmered slowly with rice and a variety of vegetables, served with pimiento topping the rice. *Empanadas* are small meat pies, as popular as the U.S. hot dog. The classic or Córdoba *empanada* is filled with cooked meat, onion, tomato, green olives, seedless raisins, and hard-boiled egg, all chopped fine. A tablespoon of this mixture is placed on a small square of rolled dough, which is folded over diagonally and sealed with the tines of a fork. The pie may be fried in deep hot fat or baked. Depending on the crust (the best are made with puff-paste), *empanadas* can be the most tempting mouthful or as heavy as lead. When made very small, they are served hot at buffets and cocktail parties. There is always a huge platter of them at an *asado*.

*Carbonada*, another typical dish, is an excellent beef stew, with vegetables and fresh fruit added the last half hour. The traditional fruits are peaches and pears, but others may be used.

#### CARBONADA (4 to 6 servings)

2 lbs. lean beef, cut up for stew	4 pears, cut in halves
2 onions, chopped	4 peaches, cut in halves
2 tomatoes, cut small	4 potatoes, cut up
	salt and pepper

Sauté onions in oil or butter until pale yellow; add meat and brown. Add tomatoes; season with salt and pepper. Turn into a casserole, add a little stock, and simmer until meat is almost cooked; add potatoes, pears, and peaches. Cook until tender.

For dessert the Argentines, like the Europeans, usually take fresh fruit or a custard, the latter cloyingly sweet. But one dessert, the glazed apple pancake, is exceptional. Whether it is an Argentine dish or not, I could never find out. When a friend of mine who was visiting Buenos Aires asked me for the recipe, I had to admit I had tried several times, without success, to get it. "Well, what are we waiting for?" she said. We were lunching at the Alvear Palace Hotel at the time, and before I knew what was happening we were in the kitchen watching it being made. Most important chefs work by the "put-and-take" method—a little more of this and that until the mixture looks right—but I got the idea and worked out the recipe at home. Though it is not easy to handle, it is worth trying. One of these superb pancakes is enough for two people, and in Buenos Aires you can have an extra plate without charge.

#### GLAZED APPLE PANCAKE (3 to 4 pancakes)

½ cup flour	2 large green apples
pinch of salt	butter
½ cup milk	sugar
2 eggs	light rum (optional)



How to make empanadas: roll dough and fill with meat, onion, tomato, seedless raisins, olives, chopped fine . . .



Then press edges of dough together and fry in deep fat or bake. These make delicious cocktail party appetizers



Peel and core apples and cut into thin sections. Beat eggs and milk, stir in the flour and salt and beat until smooth and free of lumps. In a medium-sized pancake pan, melt a large lump of butter, cover with apples and cook until nearly done, but still firm. Pour on just enough batter to cover the apples. Loosen edges as pancake sets. When cooked on one side, turn onto a buttered plate the size of the pan. Melt another large lump of butter in the pan, cover with granulated sugar, and put pancake back, uncooked side down. Over a brisk fire shake pan while sugar caramelizes. Add more butter if needed; to be successful, a lot must be used. Loosen with a spatula and slip onto serving plate, glazed side up. Pour a little rum on top and serve.

At the Alvear Palace, the pancake is glazed on one side only. At the Plaza Hotel, one side is glazed in the pan; the other is sprinkled with sugar and a hot iron, like a poker, passed over it, to caramelize the sugar.

Which brings me to the fun of dining out in Buenos Aires. It begins with the pleasure of entering a restaurant crowded to the doors with people enjoying themselves. You drink a lot of wine with your dinner, for in Argentina it would be unthinkable not to, and you always eat well—even at the so-called *boliches*, which are inexpensive hole-in-the-wall places. If we wanted to go "slumming," we would try one of these: Corrientes 11, perhaps, which everyone has heard of and which is not really a *boliche* since it was modernized; or the Napoli, around the corner facing Luna Park, the boxing arena, where we would rub elbows with a very mixed gathering.

For the best in grilled food, we would pass between the two stuffed Hereford steers into La Cabaña, where an enormous open charcoal grill is presided over by a chef in a tall white cap. Even a T-bone steak could be had here, besides fillets of all sizes; I liked the popular *bife a caballo* (beef on horseback), broiled steak with

two fried eggs on top, which is also well known to Brazilian and Chilean cookery.

The fame of another distinguished Buenos Aires steak, the pepper steak at the Plaza Hotel, spread by word of mouth; it is not featured on the menu. A thick cut of the fillet is seasoned with salt, broken peppercorns are pounded into its entire surface, and it is seared in a heavy iron skillet. When the steak is removed, a little white wine is added to the juices in the pan and poured over it. You scrape off the pepper and dine in the best sense of the word. For some reason, at both the Plaza and the equally elegant Alvear Palace, the grill rooms are more fashionable than the beautiful dining salons.

Actually, the specialty of these, as of the other good hotels, is exquisite French cuisine. At the Plaza there was the *poulet à la Kiev*—boned breasts of chicken rolled up and stuffed with butter, seasoned, breaded, and fried in hot oil until golden brown. And I could never resist the *tallarines à la parisienne*—noodles about a quarter inch wide mixed with slivers of breast of chicken in a rich cream sauce, shaped into an oval, covered with Parmesan cheese and bits of butter, and browned in the oven. The Hotel California makes *canard à l'orange* as well as any Parisian restaurant, and serves after-dinner coffee on the house in the cocktail lounge. The Belgian chef at the Claridge does fine things with *agneau en brochette Orientale*. This is lamb skewered with tomato and bacon, but it is the rice that makes it memorable—a *risotto* with tiny French peas and diced pimientos.

And the superb *pastas* and spitted forty-day chicks at the Italian restaurant Emiliana, and the— But why go on? ♦ ♦ ♦



*Still life by Giorgio Morandi of Italy, winner of Grand Prize of Fourth Biennial*

# today's art at SÃO

**JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE**

IT'S NOT an easy task to look at seven uninterrupted miles of art. Even less when it is a demonstration of what is being produced at a given moment in forty-one countries. The differences, or rather the inequalities, make the trip a somewhat painful one, even though the pavilion that shelters the Fourth Biennial of the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art is attractive and the arrangement of the works is impeccable.

Twenty-four hours after leaving New York, a Varig airliner deposited me in this dynamic city in southern Brazil. The São Paulo spring, rainy and unpleasant, failed to frighten away the visitors, who filled the exhibition halls. After all, this is the most important inter-

national art competition held in America, and possibly the most modern in the world. Even on a first quick inspection to see the collection as a whole, I found surprises. On the following days I began to appreciate better the successes and the failures.

The most unexpected revelation was the perfectly balanced, harmonious group sent by Spain, which until a short time ago was weighed down by an academic stagnation that seemed endless. Jorge de Oteiza stands out as one of the most austere creators and promising abstractionists in present-day sculpture. Nevertheless, he was not a figure apart in Spain's entry. The painters Antonio Tapiés, Manuel Rivera, and Manolo Millares, also non-objective, have opened a new panorama for Spanish art.

Another surprise was provided by Hadi Bara, Ilham

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Koman, and Zuhtu Muritoglu, three sculptors who, following different abstract routes of monumental aspiration, attracted attention in the section presented by Turkey.

This time, the Biennial proposed to put a certain emphasis on surrealism and primitive painting. Filling the first of these requirements, Belgium paid special attention to the work of its two internationally renowned surrealists, Paul Delvaux and René Magritte, whose works were ably chosen from an educational point of view. Belgium also introduced a new name, Octave Landuyt, an expressionistic painter of powerful impact, whose name should soon resound in the European art world. Similarly, England took care that its exhibit should be selective and representative. Ben Nicholson, a painter who has given cubism new projections, was presented in a painstaking retrospective show and took the top international painting prize for his country. A small number of sculptors shared the space with him, offering drawings and statuary.

But some of the countries with a high reputation in art were negligent—for example, France and Italy. The former devoted extensive space to a retrospective showing of the Russian Marc Chagall, an artist of prestige whose work, nonetheless, is of very uneven quality. Because his most recent phase is so monotonous, it was a disservice to him to include so much of it. The rest of

even. Undoubtedly the most outstanding was that of the United States, which paid special attention to the recently deceased Jackson Pollock, including his larger works, in which the drops of liquid paint, left to the law of gravity, weave an intricate tangle on the canvas as a proof of intellectual control over the artistic accident. Along with Pollock, but not in such profusion, appeared the abstractionist Franz Kline, with his beautiful large pen-and-ink drawings. Also included were the painters Philip Guston and James Brooks and the sculptors David Hare, Ibram Lassaw, and Seymour Lipton, all of whom justify the respect U.S. modern art has won in the last ten years.

Of all the Latin American countries, Colombia had the most harmonious and select group, limiting itself to a small number of works of very high quality by its three most notable modern painters—Alejandro Obregón, Enrique Grau, and Eduardo Ramírez—and some small engravings by Guillermo Silva. Thus, without unnecessary abundance, it revealed the existence of a pictorial movement that ranks high in quality and shows variety among its components.

Honduras was wise enough to be represented only by six important works of its leading painter, José Antonio Velásquez, the barber who, on his days off, takes great

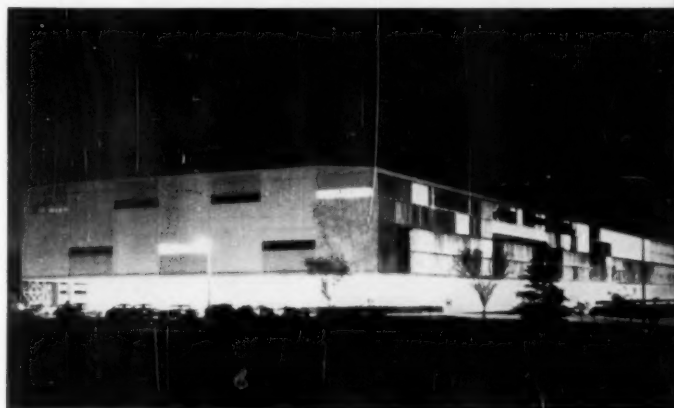
# Brazilian museum holds PAULO BIENNIAL

the French delegation, all more or less well known, suffered from a lack of discrimination.

The Italian section was saved by Giorgio Morandi, who won the Grand Prize of the Biennial. This award gave recognition to a quiet artist whose work is Franciscan in its withdrawal, its intimacy, and its humility, all full of universal meaning. The cylindrical form of a bottle is a dominant theme in his work, which is on a small scale and in subdued tones. Since the rest of the Italians did not even approach the grandeur of their illustrious compatriot, the imbalance of their room was rather disconcerting.

The entries of Germany and Japan, countries that have done well in the three previous Biennials, averaged high in quality.

In contrast, the American countries' exhibits were un-



*Night view of Biennial pavilion*

delight in painting the mountainous town of San Antonio de Oriente, where he lives. Within a few days after the Biennial opened, Brazilian collectors were already fighting over his pictures. Similarly, fulfilling one of the objectives of this Biennial—to show contemporary primitive painting—Haiti sent ten of the best pictures done by its popular artists, from the collection of the Centre d'Art in Port-au-Prince.

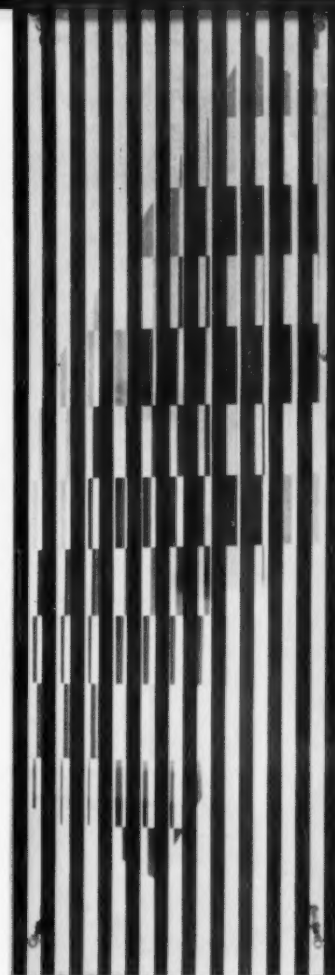
The Argentine group, which offered many ups and downs in a confusing sampling of tendencies ranging indiscriminately from the conventional to the radical, proved ineffective because of its size. Cuba likewise failed to match the standard it had set at previous Biennials, because it admitted a heterogeneous collection in which the good artists were obscured by the unhappy proximity



*Jorge de Oteiza of Spain took international first prize in sculpture with Development of a Metal Sheet in Space and other works*



*Oil by Enrique Zañartu of Chile was included in PAU exhibit at Biennial*



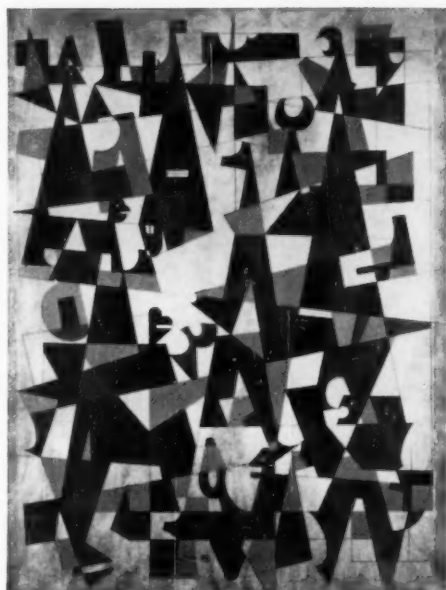
*Color-rhythm in Movement No. 5, by Alejandro Otero of Venezuela*



*Left: View of part of exhibition hall*

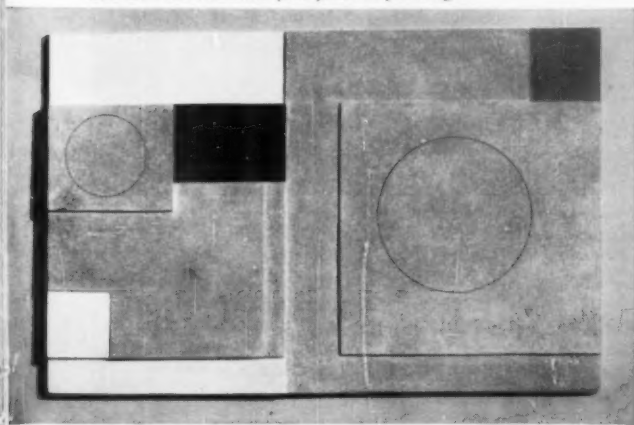
of poor ones. This was also the case with Venezuela, which, for an exhibition like this, should limit its entry to the work of its best abstract painters, with which it can boldly meet international competition. Peru, Bolivia, Uruguay, Ecuador, and Panama similarly deprived their important artists of the attention that should have been theirs. Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, and Paraguay also sent poor selections. Chile, although it listed a large number of entries, was actually represented only by the painter Nemesio Antúnez, who won a special prize, and the sculptress Marta Colvin.

I have left Brazil for the last because, as the country that organized the event, it set an example, with the standard of quality and novelty an exhibition of this scope requires. A zealous admission jury that kept the national participation to a minimum aroused much disturbance in artistic circles, and the artists who were rejected registered their natural resentment in various ways. Nevertheless, allowing for the slight error inevitable in any radical action, the Brazilian section of this Fourth Biennial was the best balanced and best adjusted to the spirit of novelty. The national prizes for painting and



*Song to the Maya, by Carlos Mérida of Guatemala*

*Painted Relief (Version 2) (1939), by Ben Nicholson of England, who won international first prize in painting*



sculpture, respectively, went to Frans Krajcberg and Franz Weissman, those for engraving and drawing to Fayga Ostrower and Fernando Lemos. Aldemir Martins, as on past occasions, won an important prize for his drawings, which show an increasingly refined technique.

In the last two Biennials, the Pan American Union has participated as an international agency, giving an opportunity for a showing to several Latin American artists

who for various reasons had not appeared in it before. This project occurred to me when I saw the difficulties and internal conflicts that arose in some of our countries over the sending of works abroad. It came out of my conversations with the directors of the Biennial when I was in São Paulo on another mission early in 1955. A show was improvised quickly, including a varied group of artists who were not going to participate in the Third Biennial, but who deserved to: large canvases by the Chilean Roberto Matta, ink drawings by the Mexican José Luis Cuevas, oils by the Colombian Alejandro Obregón, drawings by the Cubans Hugo Consuegra and José Bermúdez, and a small selection of engravings by the Chilean Carlos Faz, who had just died under tragic circumstances. Despite the variety of tendencies represented, this first Pan American contribution was well received and drew a special UNESCO prize for Matta.

For this Biennial, with more time for preparation, I decided to give unity to the group and show abstract art in five different stages, through the work of artists of importance in their respective countries. The list of works was shared proportionately by the painters Carlos Mérida, of Guatemala; Alejandro Otero, of Venezuela; Manuel Rendón, of Ecuador; and Enrique Zañartu, of Chile; and the sculptor Edgar Negret, of Colombia. Carlos Mérida demonstrated a free geometrical interpretation of reality, with pictures in impeccable technique, related in conception to the Maya artists, who drew one of the richest artistic symbolisms of pre-Columbian America. Enrique Zañartu covered a second step on the road toward abstraction with his prefiguration of the cosmos. The recognizable features of reality are transformed in his work into large zones of deep, metallic color, liquid zones that seem to make up the original chaos, a search for a common beginning of everything. The third phase was represented by Manuel Rendón, the first Ecuadorian to break with the Indianist tendency in his country. His canvases presented a series of superimposed planes of color, broken up into tiny patches that suggest emotional states or evoke some circumstance, something real, at a poetic distance. The fourth solution was provided by Edgar Negret, one of the most important Latin Americans in the field of sculpture. Through his ably fashioned and colored metals, he proposes a lyrical exaltation of complex and mysteriously designed utilitarian objects, an invention of forms that becomes a symbol of the machine age. Finally, the fifth approach comes from Alejandro Otero, the leading figure in non-objective art in Venezuela, who searches constantly for the most absolute art, the most unrelated to reality. On the basis of geometrical expression, he produces a magnificent dynamics of color by means of transparent planes of various materials. In this international group, one of Carlos Mérida's contributions won an acquisition prize.

The scope of this Biennial, which is a direct product of the efforts of Francisco Matarazzo Sobrinho, a rich São Paulo patron of the arts, was not limited to art. A large pavilion was devoted to international theater and another to architecture, both of which deserve separate attention. ♦ ♦ ♦



# THE OAS ELECTS



**Ambassador Eduardo Augusto García** of Argentina has been elected Chairman of the OAS Council for a one-year term. He succeeds Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil.



**Ambassador Gonzalo J. Facio** of Costa Rica takes over as Vice Chairman of the Council from Ambassador José Luis Cruz Salazar of Guatemala.



**Dr. José A. Mora** (right), re-elected Secretary General of the OAS, congratulates **Dr. William Sanders** of the United States after his election as Assistant Secretary General. Both officers were named for ten-year terms beginning on May 18, 1958. Dr. Sanders will replace Dr. William Manger, who resigned from the post.



**Ambassador Harold M. Randall** of the United States succeeds Washington P. Bermúdez of Uruguay as Chairman of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.

**Rafael Glower Valdivieso** of El Salvador is the new Vice Chairman of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. His predecessor was Ambassador Harold M. Randall of the United States.



# Experiment in International Justice

CHARLES G. FENWICK

CREATED on December 20, 1907, the Central American Court of Justice was the first of its kind in the world. Though it functioned for only ten years, the ideal it embodied lives on today as a challenge.

The Hague Conference of 1899 had created what it chose to call "The Permanent Court of Arbitration," but actually this was nothing more than a list of judges from which disputing parties might choose a special tribunal. It had no specified jurisdiction. The same was true under the amended convention of 1907. Efforts to establish a genuine Court of Arbitral Justice failed because the powers could not agree on a method of selecting the judges.

Two months after the second Hague conference the five Central American countries adopted their own "Convention for the Establishment of a Central American Court of Justice." There were to be five justices, who would be appointed to five-year terms by the legislative branches of the respective governments. The Convention fixed the seat of the Court at Cartago, Costa Rica, and Andrew Carnegie donated funds for the building. When an earthquake destroyed the structure in 1910, the site was changed to San José. As it turned out, the new building was completed only shortly before the Court was dissolved. It was then turned over to the Costa Rican Government and now houses the Foreign Ministry.

The judges' salaries were paid by their own countries.

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However, they were supposed to represent "the national conscience of Central America" and were not to disqualify themselves because of the interest their own government might have in a case. Perhaps this detached attitude was too much to expect; at any rate, the justices tended to act as representatives of their own countries. If statesmen tried to organize such a court today, they would no doubt adopt a cooperative method of selecting judges, who might then find it easier to represent Central America as a whole.

Undoubtedly the most significant feature of the Central American Court of Justice was the jurisdiction assigned to it. Article I of the General Treaty of Peace and Amity, also signed on December 20, 1907, pledged the Central American republics to settle all disagreements through the Court of Justice. The same assurance was repeated in the convention on the Court. Following the pattern of the Hague Convention for the Peaceful Settlement of Disputes, the Court was given the authority to determine its own jurisdiction, "interpreting the treaties and conventions pertinent to the matter in dispute and applying the principles of international law."

This comprehensive jurisdiction had none of the loopholes of earlier or later treaties. Previous arbitration agreements had excepted questions that one party judged might imperil its independence or national honor. Bilateral treaties signed by the United States with individual Latin American states in 1908 excepted not only matters relating to honor and vital interests but also those involving the interests of third states. The Central American convention gave the Court the same comprehensive jurisdiction that the Supreme Court of the United States has in cases of suits between states.

In a radical departure from the traditions of international jurisprudence, the Court was assigned jurisdiction over cases between a national of one of the Central American countries and the government of another. The Court might also take cognizance of cases the governments agreed to submit to it, whether between two or more of them, between one of them and an individual, or between a Central American government and a foreign government. An optional "annexed article" that was ratified by all but one of the countries gave the Court jurisdiction over conflicts that might arise between the legislative, executive, and judicial powers within a country, and over cases in which the judicial decisions and resolutions of a national congress were not respected.

As to the law to be applied, the convention merely provided that in deciding points of fact the Court should be governed by its free judgment, and with respect to points of law it should be governed by the principles of international law. Here was an opportunity for the Court to build up a valuable body of judicial precedents, but a decade proved too short a time for this. Ten cases in all were submitted, five in each of the two five-year terms for which the justices were appointed. Of these, five involved claims brought by individuals and five involved controversies between states, in three of which the Court itself took the initiative.

Despite the Court's unusual competence to hear cases

in which individuals were parties, in only one such case were principles of law laid down that might have contributed to the body of existing international law. In two cases, complaints brought by nationals of one state against another government were dismissed on the ground that they had not exhausted local remedies, although



*Judges of the Central American Court of Justice with Mexican and U.S. diplomats and Costa Rican officials at Lyceum of Costa Rica, San José, in 1908*

under the circumstances it would have been practically impossible for them to have done so. In a third case, the Court very properly rejected a complaint challenging the legality of the appointment of one of the justices. A fourth involved an alien's claim to asylum as against the right of the state to deny asylum when the presence of the alien might lead to a conspiracy against the government of a neighboring state with which it was at peace. The Court favored the claim of the state to protect its neutrality, but two dissenting opinions showed that it had been a difficult decision. A fifth case presented the embarrassing question of whether the court might intervene in the essentially political matter of the legality of a presidential election. The Court declared that the protest of a group of individuals, nationals of each of the five Central American states, did not constitute a case of an international character.

More important were the cases between the states themselves, each of which involved questions of international law, and the last of which had grave political complications and unhappy consequences.

When aware of a conflict between two or more countries, the Court could take the initiative and intervene to maintain peace and urge the governments to submit the dispute to it. Here was a high political as well as juridical function, comparable in a degree to the authority given the Meetings of Ministers of Foreign Affairs under the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance of 1947 and exercised provisionally by the OAS Council. The Court took the initiative in 1908 after receiving news indicating that an invasion was expected, and formal complaints were made by Honduras and Nicaragua against Guatemala and El Salvador, accusing them of aiding a revolutionary movement in Honduras and asking for protection by the Court. The decision acquitted Guatemala and El Salvador of the charges, but the Court's intervention undoubtedly was effective in pre-

venting the outbreak of hostilities.

The "annexed article" giving the Court jurisdiction in conflicts between legislative, executive, and judicial powers or in cases in which the resolutions of the national congress were not respected was brought into use in 1910 and again in 1912, both times over conditions in Nicaragua.

Of greater political and juridical importance were the two cases involving the effect of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty between the United States and Nicaragua, concluded on August 5, 1914, providing for the construction of an interoceanic canal. In the suit brought by Costa Rica against Nicaragua on March 24, 1916, Costa Rica claimed that the execution of the treaty would jeopardize its rights of free navigation on the San Juan River and its rights in San Juan del Norte and Salinas Bay. Nicaragua denied the competence of the Court, but the proceedings continued nevertheless. The decision, handed down on September 30, 1916, affirmed the jurisdiction of the Court and held that Nicaragua had violated the rights of Costa Rica as set forth in a boundary treaty of 1858 and in the Central American Treaty of Peace and Amity of 1907. Though the Nicaraguan justice joined the other four in signing the decision, he also entered a dissenting opinion.

In the meantime, pending the decision of the Court in the suit brought by Costa Rica, the Government of El Salvador brought suit against Nicaragua on August 23, 1916, asking that Nicaragua be enjoined from fulfilling the obligations of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty with the United States. The contention of El Salvador was that the treaty violated its rights of condominium in the Gulf of Fonseca, which, it was claimed, belonged to the category of "historic bays" subject to the jurisdiction of the three states bordering upon it. Additions to the complaint of El Salvador contended that the lease of the Great Corn and Little Corn islands in the Caribbean would violate Articles 2 and 9 of the general treaty of December 20, 1907. As in the suit brought by Costa Rica, the Court, on March 9, 1917, ruled in favor of the complainant.

A critical situation, involving important points of law and even more important political issues, now arose. Did the two decisions of the Central American Court of Justice automatically annul the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty on the principle that Nicaragua had transferred to the United States rights that were not within its competence to assign? Or was the treaty still in force, but Nicaragua under obligation to make compensation to Costa Rica and El Salvador for the wrong done to them by the treaty? The Court, although supporting the claims of Costa Rica and El Salvador in respect to violations of their rights, refused to declare the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty void; and, since Nicaragua rejected both decisions, there was little for the two states to do but appeal to the United States.

On its part, the U.S. Government was in an embarrassing position. It had given encouragement in 1907 to the adoption of the General Treaty of Peace and Amity and to the convention establishing the Court, in



the hope that an era of peace and stability might be created; the occasion had now come to see what sacrifices the United States would make to uphold the decisions of the Court. When the U.S. Senate consented to the ratification of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, it was already aware of the protests of Costa Rica and El Salvador. Consequently, the consent was granted with the understanding that nothing in the convention was intended to affect any existing right of any of the three states that had protested the ratification. (Honduras was listed as one of the three, although there is no evidence of a protest from that quarter.) Considering this action taken by the U.S. Senate, it might be concluded that the United States should have negotiated with Nicaragua and with Costa Rica and El Salvador the indemnity due them for the violation of their rights, as decided by the Court. Unhappily, the United States was then at war with Germany and under pressure to concentrate all its efforts on the unprecedented task of transporting troops and supplies to Europe. The result was that measures of equity and justice, which—it is to be hoped—might otherwise have been taken, were not taken, and the opportunity was missed of maintaining the authority of the Court and demonstrating its capacity to serve the high purposes set forth in the convention creating it and in the general treaty of 1907.

Thus, the fate of the Court was sealed. Having rejected its jurisdiction in both of the cases involving the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, as soon as the second decision was announced Nicaragua gave notice of its intention to withdraw from the convention. Efforts were made during the summer of 1917 to have a conference called to extend the life of the Court and to so revise the convention as to overcome some of the difficulties that had been encountered. But the proposed conference was never held, and for want of a new agreement the convention ceased to be in force on March 12, 1918, ten years from the date of the last ratification, by Guatemala.

Fourteen years after its demise, Manley O. Hudson, one of the leading jurists of the United States, in a careful study of the Central American Court of Justice, expressed the opinion that it was "a matter for regret that this experiment in the administration of international justice was so short-lived and that the convention of 1907 was not revised and renewed in 1917." He further observed:

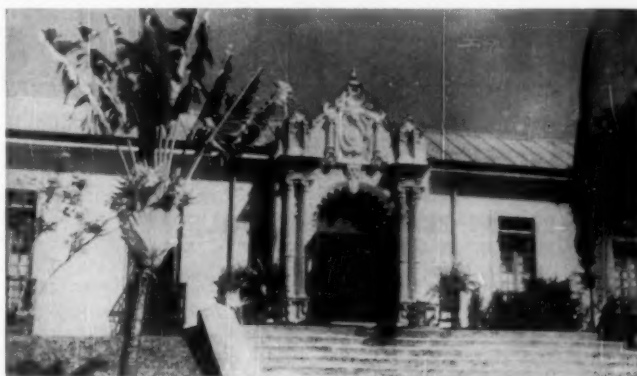
This was the first international court in modern history to be endowed with continuing functions. It had behind it a tradition of solidarity in Central America. Its creation followed a period of frequent international dissension. It was called upon to meet a real and pressing need. Its experience during ten years ought to have been made the basis for changes in its constituent law, and the suggestions made toward this end in 1917 by the jurists of the court pointed toward some of the remedies which might have been devised.

However, the closing of the Court did not mean the death of an idea; and those who had faith in that idea were determined to miss no opportunity to champion their cause and apply the principle of judicial settlement.

A second general Conference on Central American Affairs, corresponding to that of 1907, met in Washing-

ton on December 24, 1922. At its close on February 7, 1923, new treaties and conventions were signed, superseding those of the earlier conference. A new International Central American Tribunal was established, but it lacked the essential principle of the Court of Justice of 1907. Rather it was modeled on the Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration, being no more than a list of jurists. This was far from the ideal that those who favored the Court of Justice had in mind, and El Salvador consequently refused to ratify the convention.

But if a revival of the Central American Court of Justice no longer seemed feasible, the possibility remained that the concept might be enlarged to embrace an inter-American court having competence over the whole Hemisphere. Indeed, proposals for the establishment of just such a court have repeatedly been made at Inter-American Conferences, starting with a Costa Rican plan offered at Santiago in 1923. None has yet been adopted, and the Tenth Conference at Caracas in 1954 referred the matter back to the OAS Council for further study of the views of the member states.



*Second home of the Court now houses Costa Rican Foreign Ministry*

We have learned much in the fifty years since the Central American Court of Justice was established. We have proclaimed that force is not to be used in the settlement of disputes, that our conduct is based upon the rules of international law, that the common judgment of the inter-American community is to prevail over the old right of a state to be the judge in its own case, that mutual respect is the basis of international order, and that recognition of the equality of our states is the essential condition of our free cooperation. These principles are now incorporated in the OAS Charter, and we can go forward with an assurance of peace and security within our regional group.

So we may hope that the Central American model will prove to be the inspiration for the establishment of a court with wider inter-American jurisdiction, and that its novel jurisdiction over cases between an individual of one state and the government of another will be a forecast of an inter-American court of claims, which is one of our greatest judicial needs at present. The Court closed its doors, but it opened others with even wider vistas.

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## BOOKS

### RECENT BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

Reviewed by Maria de Lourdes Teixeira

A reviewer's choice remains as difficult as ever. Starting with fiction, the first place should go to the São Paulo writer Antonio Olavo Pereira's second novel, *Marcoré*, which has received nearly universal acclaim. It displays the same psychological insight and literary craftsmanship found in Pereira's prize-winning first novel, *Contra-Mão* (The Wrong Way, 1950), but is much more intense, much broader and deeper. In a small town in São Paulo State, a quiet, unheroic drama unfolds as a son—Marco Aurélio, nicknamed Marcoré—is born into a middle-class family thrown by mutual mistrust into an inferno of pessimism and despair. Page by page, almost line by line, the atmosphere of hopeless misunderstanding is skillfully built up. But the author does not achieve his effects by "purple prose," stylistic tricks, or melodrama. On the contrary, he is remarkably economical. He merely records implacably the poison of bitterness as it gradually and mortally acts on his characters.

Although occasional touches bring the small town clearly into focus, this is by no means a regional or "local" story. Rather, its story of man's misunderstanding of man, even those of his own blood, is a story of universal suffering; members of one family in conflict, enduring a daily hell all the more devastating because it is mostly silent. Its subject alone makes it capable of stirring and moving a widely varied public; but it is particularly suitable for translation because of the clarity of the writing.

Antonio Callado's novel, *A Madona de Cedro* (The Virgin in Cedar), is every bit as good as *Marcoré* from a literary standpoint, but there the similarity ends. Callado—whose *Assunção de Salviano* (Assumption of Salviano) was also a highly successful novel—is above all a good story-teller. His plots are consistently original, richly interesting, and suspenseful; the sustained air of mystery always builds up to a surprise ending. Few Brazilian writers have ever shown so much individuality and inventiveness. But of course there is more to Callado than that. The important thing is that he is also capable of extracting from such fictional webs, as none but an authentic novelist can, all kinds of literary effects. Admirable insight enables him to create sensitively and portray vigorously splendid characters caught up in complex situations, and to conjure up atmosphere poetically as well as realistically.

*A Madona de Cedro* is a half-psychological, half-detective novel set in Congonhas do Campo, an old colonial town in Minas Gerais State famous for its statues of the Prophets by the celebrated eighteenth-century sculptor O Aleijadinho. In an aura of religion and art ennobled by these stone images set sharply against limpid skies, the author uses the mysterious theft of a cedar statuette of the Madonna to probe human conflict behind mere appearances and to examine souls in search of redemption. The story is simply and excellently written (especially the dialogue). It is flavored with a faintly satirical approach to people, customs, and prejudices; none of this, however, detracts from the pathos of certain scenes, particularly in the final passages. This is another book that merits translation, for it would be enjoyed anywhere, and—considering the plot and the baroque atmosphere of the "town of the Prophets"—it might make a fine motion picture some day. [A more detailed comment on this book, by a U.S. critic, will appear next month. —Ed.]

The last novel I have singled out is Geraldo Santos' *Loucos, Poetas, Amantes* (Fools, Poets, Lovers), a first book, which won the coveted Orlando Dantas Prize in 1956. An ambitious work that reveals an unusual personality, it is poetic at times, sociological here and there, and quite different from the two previously mentioned. The complex plot, which has detective-novel overtones and intellectual refinements, unfolds amidst aesthetic discussions and glimpses of the São Paulo underworld (whose slang is reflected in some of the dialogue). Some reviewers have been reminded of D. H. Lawrence. And there is no question but that the author's technique reveals at times his acquaintance with one foreign novelist, John Dos Passos, and two Brazilians, Oswald de Andrade and José Geraldo Vieira.

The story has to do with a group of young people disturbed by personal and social problems, with a pair of lovers, and with two families—one of the upper middle class, the other of modest means. As though this impressive *dramatis personae* were not enough, the author weaves into his plot a detective story that involves everybody and stirs up new situations. Hence the underworld scenes, night life, slang.

What results is an intense, lively, and absorbing, if not thoroughly homogeneous, novel. Some critics have praised the author's ability to portray the city's low night life as the most outstanding aspect of the book. For my part, I think Geraldo Santos is at his best in the lyricism of certain love scenes and in his picture of those effervescent intellectual circles made up of whisky-drinking, alien-influenced bohemians who listen to modern music, keep up with the latest fashions in world literature, and discuss the arts.

His technique is at times traditional, at times reminiscent of a film scenario, but always lively. This is an unusual beginner, still somewhat unsure of himself but bold and intelligent, and beyond doubt one of Brazil's most promising young novelists.

*Caminhos e Fronteiras* (Trails and Boundaries) is the newest work of the well-known sociologist, critic, essayist, and historian Sérgio Buarque de Holanda. The eighty-ninth volume of the excellent Brazilian Documents Collection, published by the firm of José Olympio in Rio de Janeiro, it is an important contribution to understanding and interpreting Brazil's—and especially São Paulo's—early colonial period. The title refers, first, to the role of trails as a factor in migration, especially in the early stages of Brazilian pioneering; and, secondly, to the "boundaries" that separated "landscapes, populations, customs, institutions, techniques, and even the different languages confronting one another at that time."

Though the book incorporates some essays that had already been published, it manages to maintain its unity by a careful grouping of themes—the sociological results of contact between Indians and settlers, farming as influenced by the Indian, and adjustment to city living. Indexes by name and by subject enhance the book's usefulness.

R. Magalhães Júnior, a writer who has been very active lately, has come out with two different but equally important books. The first, *Deodoro: A Espada Contra o Império* (Deodoro: The Sword Against the Empire) is a biographical-historical study of Manoel Deodoro da Fonseca, the Field Marshal who proclaimed the Republic in Brazil in 1889. A monumental work in two thick volumes, profusely illustrated—almost eight hundred pages in all—it reconstructs not only the Marshal's life but the political, economic, and social events of his day. The author based his careful and patient research on documents, files, old newspapers, and a long list of books, in an effort to clarify many controversial points concerning political life in the Second Empire and the first republican years.

Against this background, the Marshal stands out clearly in a full-length portrait, and the book is not at all an apologia, as are so many works of this nature. On the contrary, Deodoro appears as an altogether human being with many contradictory traits—motivated sometimes by vanity, other times by courage, modest and narcissistic in turn.

Since historians are still arguing about this important phase of our national life, the book has had wide repercussions. It is a definitive work that scholars will not be

able to do without from now on.

Magalhães Júnior's other book, *O Fabuloso Patrocínio Filho* (The Fabulous Patrocínio Filho), is also a biography, but this time it deals with an adventurous writer who lived from 1885 to 1929. It is laid against a background of literary bohemianism in Rio de Janeiro. Whereas the former work is intended primarily for scholars, this one, based on equally careful research, will be enjoyed by any reader. The son of José do Patrocínio—one of our foremost orators, journalists, and abolitionists—Patrocínio Filho was a roguish bohemian who led a picturesque and extraordinary life.

In this book he comes alive—a gambler, clown, liar, self-admiring tramp who hung around newspapers and theaters; but also a popular, intelligent poet and journalist, with a typical Rio flavor and yet a cosmopolitan air. He moves about in old Rio, with its night life of theaters, cafés, newspaper and magazine offices, among well-known writers, artists, and politicians. He goes on to Europe, visiting London and Paris during World War I, and hanging around the artists' cafés and night clubs. He invents a story of love and espionage about himself and Mata Hari, which leads him to an English prison and almost to the firing squad—an episode he later described in his book *A Sinistra Aventura* (Sinister Adventure). After Brazilian and other diplomats came to his rescue, freeing him from the clutches of Scotland Yard, he returned home a legendary figure, and newspapers and magazines vied with one another to obtain interviews from him. He died in Paris but is buried in Rio. Magalhães Júnior's book reads more like a novel and its hero is reminiscent of a Henry Miller character.

MARCORÉ, by Antonio Olavo Pereira. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio Editora, 1957. 265 p.

A MADONA DE CEDRO, by Antonio Callado. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio Editora, 1957. 254 p.

LOUCOS, POETAS, AMANTES, by Geraldo Santos. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria São José Editora, 1957. 293 p.

CAMINHOS E FRONTEIRAS, by Sérgio Buarque de Holanda. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio Editora, 1957. 334 p. Illus.

DEODORO: A ESPADA CONTRA O IMPÉRIO, by R. Magalhães Júnior. São Paulo, Companhia Editora Nacional, 1957. Two volumes, 399 and 446 p. respectively. Illus.

O FABULOSO PATROCÍNIO FILHO, by R. Magalhães Júnior. Rio de Janeiro, Editora Civilização Brasileira, 1957. 340 p. Illus.

Maria de Lourdes Teixeira is AMERICAS' literary correspondent in Brazil.

## TOMÁS CARRASQUILLA

This month the OAS Council will pay homage to the Colombian novelist Tomás Carrasquilla (1858-1940) on the centenary of his birth. Carrasquilla's many novels, short stories, and essays dealt mainly with typical characters and customs of Antioquia Department. His complete works have just been published in two volumes by Editorial Bedout of Medellín for his heirs. His views on



life and literature are well summarized in the following "Autobiography," written in 1915, which he sent to the newspaper *El Gráfico* of Bogotá after refusing a reporter an interview:

"I was born more than fifty-five years ago, and no mysterious sign either in the heavens or on the earth heralded the great event. It happened in Santodomingo, a drab little town wedged in among some cliffs in Antioquia Department. Some say it looks like an eagle's nest; others, a stool. I favor the stool. In any case, the people who live there call it a three-F town: *feo, frío, y faldudo* (ugly, cold, and craggy).

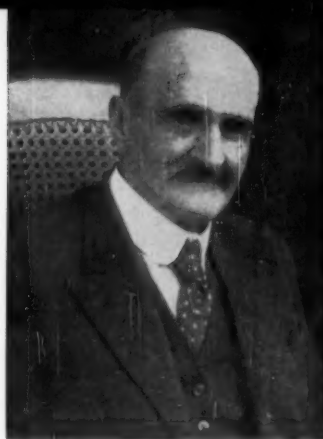
"My parents were somewhere between poor and wealthy, between laborers and landed gentry. My grandparents described them as whiter than the King of Spain. They were patriarchal, God-fearing, and neighborly.

"Since they wanted me to be a doctor and a luminary, they put me, from early childhood until I was grown, in as many schools as there were in those hills. Poor things!

"My first teacher—"El Tullido [The Cripple]"—later became the main character of one of my stories.

"It seems that those first steps of mine on the road of knowledge left a permanent mark on my character, because nowhere did I learn anything. Indolence, slothfulness, and a few other capital sins, to which I have always paid ardent tribute, left me no time at all for study or any other serious pursuit. But in that God-forsaken spot, for want of something worse to do, people read a lot. In my parents' home, in my relatives' homes, there was no scarcity of books or readers. There you have me, book in hand at all hours, in the rustic quiet of my home. I kept on reading, and in my grave I shall likely read through the library of death, where the essence of profound knowledge must be concentrated. I have read something of everything, good and bad, sacred and profane, licit and forbidden, with no method, no plan, no set goals, purely as a pastime. Consequently, I am probably almost as ignorant as the aforementioned cripple. I have in my head a conglomeration of useless trivia, wood shavings, and cockroaches.

"One day I started writing, with no thought of publishing my efforts. I filled paper with scribbling, just as I do now, or perhaps better—instead of making headway in this business of faking literature, I think I am backsliding. I told no one about my writings. Not even my family. But since people sniff out everything and the devil collects it all, one day I received a note naming me to a Medellín literary group that was headed by none other than Carlos E. Restrepo. I accepted the generous offer and, since it was an obligation, *sine qua non*, to produce something, I dashed off *Simón el Mago* (Simon the Magician). According to the statutes, it was to be for the members' perusal only. But Carlosé, who from boyhood has found restrictions very tiresome and unnecessary, resolved to change the constitution and publish all our literary contributions in book form. That miscellany was enthusiastically received by the small Antioquian reading public. My story was there, under a pseudonym, of course. And the one I chose was terrible, anagrammatic and all!



Tomás  
Carrasquilla,  
Colombian  
regionalist writer

"So they discovered who the unknown novice was.

"One night the group was discussing whether or not there was material for a novel in Antioquia. Everyone thought not, except Carlosé and me. We upheld the affirmative so heatedly that the rest were won over, and it was unanimously agreed that the president himself was the one to write this novel. But Carlosé decided that I was. I obeyed him, because some people are born to command.

"Once in the Arcadian tranquillity of my home territory, while the rain poured down and the tempest reverberated, I put memories on paper, there in the recesses of my unattractive room. I had no intention of publishing this work either; I only wanted to prove that the most commonplace theme can be made into a novel.

"Competent people read the manuscript and found it good. Several excerpts appeared in print. Then, at the behest of friends and relatives, I decided to publish it, even though I was sure that no one would read it and that I might as well throw my money in the river. However, the awful book was read, reviewed, and soon out of print. But no wonder! Important, influential patrons helped me before and after its appearance—Diego and Rafael Uribe, José A. Silva, Laureano García Ortiz, Jorge Roa, Antonio José Restrepo, Mariano and Pedro Nel Ospina, and the editors of the *Revista Gris*.

"Rafael María Merchán and José Manuel Marroquín, who read it through, found it well-nigh loathsome. And this is the story of *Frutos de Mi Tierra* (Fruits of My Land).

"I almost agree with these two masters. Actually, that book, however much people may have liked it, has very little artistic worth. If indeed it has any, it is probably as a literary document, the first Colombian novel taken directly from life, without idealizing reality at all. And I say the first, because *Manuela*, though certainly beautiful, meritorious, and realistic, is more a study of customs than of characters.

"Since then I have published three long novels, several short ones, some stories, and many trifles, in the guise of light essays. Last year *El Espectador* of Medellín carried a series of my sketches, alternately rural and urban, under the title *Dominicales*. Because they were entirely regional, they went over rather well in that backwater.

"Nothing of what I have published, except *Salve, Regina*, seems good to me. How could it when I have a very high concept of art, a very low opinion of my

capabilities, and a knowledge of the great authors? If I have published and continue to do so, it is because they pay me, and not so badly, relatively speaking. I am then a hired pen and should be judged as such.

"I have reason to be grateful to the fourth estate. It is true that, because of quarrels, personal antipathies, or rivalries, or because I deserve it, I have on occasion been teased; I have been insulted and even libeled; but praise that I surely do not deserve has also been heaped on me. I am thankful for the one and do not complain about the other, nor does it cow me. Anyone in the public eye, whatever his field, is exposed to everything. He should therefore have the necessary courage and cold-bloodedness for it.

"The task of the novelist who wants to reflect the life around him in his work is inherently disagreeable and difficult, particularly in small towns. Malicious gossip, which sickens us all, finds fertile ground in every novel of this sort. The beauty of it is that no one tries to figure out who the real-life originals of the worthy characters might be; but don't write about some wicked or ridiculous person, because he will immediately be identified with Zutano or Fulana, and no one can run fast enough to tell him about it. The author often does not even know these people. But try to prove that you don't! The reader is always better informed than the author. Neither laurels nor money can compensate the poor novelist for the hatred, the enmities, the broken ties that this suspiciousness causes. I speak from too much experience. But I am not complaining, nor am I trying to make myself seem a victim of art. My work is not so important, nor am I so holy. My personal attributes and my position in life do not call for any special consideration. It matters little. For every alienated friend there are others. When some leave, others come; life is a ceaseless doing and undoing. And since enmities and hatred do exist, it must be because the very harmony of life requires them.

"I have no unpublished work, for fragmentary, embryonic scribbles—I don't know where they are or what they are about—could not be put in this category. I may have lost them altogether. I don't miss them. My manuscripts are a worthless mess; what little of them I can decipher I change completely.

"The manuscript of *Medellín por Dentro* (Inside Medellín), which many have seen and of which they have read whole chapters, that horrible compilation of all the evils, even to the last detail, of our Antioquian capital, exists only in the active imagination of some Homers. Nor did I invent such a title; it belongs to another Antioquian novelist. I shall only say here that, when it suits my purpose, I do base my characterizations on real people, but only those who are fine and upstanding. Just as any magazine publishes the pictures of noted beauties. I have been urged to write a novel about high society; I have even been given the facts. In all probability, I shall not do it. The civilized upper classes are more or less the same in every chick-pea land. There is nothing about them that makes any nation or region different from any other. Unusual characteristics must be sought in the

middle class, if not among the rank and file. Nor can anyone get to know Bogotá on short acquaintance; it is a very complex city that requires long and careful study. I have never lived there, and I cannot write from references. I must have first-hand information. And since books of that kind always stir up trouble, I do not want to gain the ill will of a society that I like so much and that has showed me so many kindnesses, as undeserved as they are welcome. I don't wonder at it. A good flag enfolds and protects even the most lowly.

"I have no favorite schools or authors. Like any neighbor's son, I like the good in anything. However, I shall say—because it pertains to us Colombians—that, in my humble opinion, our country can take pride in having the best prose writer and the second-best lyric poet of the Spanish language. I refer to El Indio Uribe and José A. Silva."



Jackets of some of Carrasquilla's books appear on end papers of two-volume complete works, just published

#### GRAPHICS CREDITS

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#### ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 45

1. Antigua. 2. Montevideo, Uruguay. 3. Caracas, Venezuela. 4. Aca-pulco, Mexico. 5. Machu Picchu. 6. 12,500. 7. Guayaquil. 8. Chile. 9. Iguazú. 10. Hammock.



### EVERYWHERE, U.S.A.

ON TWO TRIPS to the United States, Paulo Reis de Magalhães visited forty-two states and the District of Columbia and took back to Brazil only rosy memories. In a speech before the São Paulo Rotary Club—printed in their weekly bulletin *Servir*—he explained that he had traveled by automobile so that he could “become better acquainted with Americans from all levels of society” and see “small towns and big cities, factories and farms, public works and national parks.” He continued:

“The twenty-five thousand miles of roads that I traveled are part of the country’s three-million-mile network of highways, most of them paved and many of them four, six, and eight lanes wide. Today motorists can go from New York to Chicago, more than eight hundred miles, without having to slow down for a single crossing or traffic light. Magnificent highways extend throughout the country, even where there is little traffic, making it easy for tourists to reach out-of-the-way attractions. . . . Immense tracts have been set aside as national forests, recreation areas, monuments, and parks. The forest preserves alone comprise a territory three and a half times the size of São Paulo State. About 190,000,000 acres belong to the Federal Government, 20,000,000 to states, and 4,500,000 to municipalities.

“One of the most striking contrasts between Brazil and the United States is found in the small towns. . . . However small a U.S. community may be, it has good schools, a hospital, a library—everything, in short, that means better living conditions for the

residents. Everyone participates enthusiastically in community activities. Those who prosper are not always thinking of moving to larger cities; quite the contrary, they continue to lend their best efforts, their resources, and their intelligence to the development of the town. Also, outside the big cities you can better observe the make-up and stability of the society and of the family, which are totally unlike . . . the distorted movie versions we see.

“A very modern and typically American creation is the motel: the roadside lodging that is the last word in comfort, order, and perfection. Thirty thousand new motels had been built since my last trip, and they are still opening at the rate of three thousand a year. . . . When the traveler feels tired and wants to stop for the night, he can be sure that luxurious accommodations await him not more than ten or twelve miles down the road.

“The national highway system is already considered inadequate for the traffic flow, and the Federal Government plans . . . to construct approximately forty-five thousand miles of new roads, with no crossings, forks, or traffic signals. This network, which will link all the state capitals and all the cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, is to be finished in 1972. It will cost \$110,000,000,000, . . . ten times more than was spent to build the Grand Coulee Dam, the St. Lawrence Seaway, and the Panama Canal, and one hundred times all the Brazilian paper money in circulation.

“The country’s economy can well bear the strain of such an undertaking. There is no indication that the high

level of prosperity will decline for many years. . . . The cost of living has gone up 18 per cent during the last ten years, but . . . there is full employment. Skilled factory workers are in great demand. Recently one plant had to lay off fifteen thousand workers when the Department of Defense canceled an order. Of these, seventy-five hundred were used elsewhere in the factory, and the rest found jobs in near-by plants.

“As methods are perfected and factories mechanized, a higher production rate is achieved with fewer man-hours of work. Consequently, week ends and vacations tend to become longer. With this, new industries and new activities are created in the country, at the beaches, and in the mountains, where both blue- and white-collar workers spend this extra time. Thus automobile manufacturers, hotels, sports-equipment makers, boat builders, and the like are prospering. To cite only one example, there are six million pleasure boats in the United States, or one for every thirty inhabitants. . . .

“The United States is an extraordinarily rich country, blessed with greater natural resources than any other region in the world. However, in all fairness it should be pointed out that its fantastic development and its position as a world leader are attributable not only to wealth but to the U.S. citizen himself. Honest, religious, hospitable, gregarious, unsophisticated, and hard-working, . . . he combines all the fine qualities of the first settlers. . . . The United States was not colonized by political exiles or adventurers but by religious groups who were seeking freedom of worship.

“Latins frequently refer to the Anglo-Saxons, to the Nordic peoples, as ‘childish.’ In my opinion, we should recognize their superiority and admit that what we call ‘childishness’ is only a healthy mental outlook and a total absence of complexes, inhibitions, and maladjustments. . . .”

### ANTIQUITIES À LA CARTE

IN AN ARTICLE in the Sunday supplement of the Lima daily *El Comercio*, Héctor Velarde, the well-known Peruvian humorist and architect, hits upon



a novel idea:

"The other night I went to *Las Trece Monedas* [The Thirteen Coins] for dinner. My friend paid the 280-sol check, and it was worth every bit of it. Actually, I had invited him to visit one of the most beautiful houses of colonial times, in a *criollo* Louis XV style that is unique in the world.

"This is the only way they appreciate it, over food," I whispered to the waiter, who bowed low. . . .

"While my friend was enjoying a *crêpe Suzette*, the specialty of the house and well suited to its Bourbon lines, I expounded a theory: 'The idea of transforming this marvelous old house into a restaurant was sheer genius. It's the best way to attract cultured people to culture. With elegance. There are only two ways of saving the houses of the Viceroyalty: declare them historic monuments or convert them into restaurants. All else is useless. . . .'

"The second idea is much better," my friend replied, with his mouth full.

"Obviously. Imagine if this house were a historic monument. Certainly, it would be saved and protected by the authorities, by the Federal Government, but no one would come here, while now—So many people! All of them eating, learning history, happy. It's the only solution. Remember how all the other efforts to save our beautiful old houses have turned out. The Friends of Lima, the Lovers of the City, the Pro-Lima Society, the regulations, the petitions, the hard-hitting articles. . . . It's nothing short of a miracle when one little house is saved. But this way—with expensive, delicious food—we could even save some churches that are falling into ruin."

"A blond Englishman burst in and asked: 'Is this the Perricholi house?'"

"It certainly is," responded a waiter from Puno. 'Won't you be seated?'"

"See, we're making progress," I persisted. 'This is real progress and not that deformity that accompanied the invention of the locomotive and is now a tragicomic paradox. They call it progress when bomb production in Yucca Flats is up. Or when a half-breed marries his daughter off to a Vanvonderhoffen. . . . Or when the Tomasi de Piuras get so rich that they all go to the United States for medical

check-ups—I hear that one has already died. This house we're in was saved by the hair of a bulldozer. . . .'

"Bravo!" exclaimed my friend, picking his teeth. 'The best idea is the restaurant.'"

"There's no question about it, because the mere fact that a seventeenth-century house is beautiful isn't enough for it to be declared a historic monument. . . . It's necessary, at least, to prove that the Count of Alva de Liste slept there. While they're looking in the Archives of the Indies for proof that he did, the owner, always a very conservative gentleman, tears the house down and builds a rental property with colonial gewgaws to fool people."

"A restaurant is the quickest way," my friend said. 'We have to look around for more foreigners like the owner of this place so that as many as possible can be saved. Take the Oquendo house, for example. It is already threatened with destruction, but it could become *Los Tres Pelos de Pizarro* [The Three Hairs of Pizarro]. The Rada house, which is so interesting, could be converted into *Los Seis Lunares de la Marquesa* [The Six Moles of the Marchioness]. Siberian fried chicken—'

"... Yes, sir, with the help of the Swiss and the United Nations," I rejoined enthusiastically. 'Many French

castles, Spanish convents, Dutch windmills, and Italian palaces—historic only because they're beautiful—are now inns, hotels, cafés, tourist agencies, and airline offices. . . . Why throw away all of Lima's attractive, authentic houses like so much garbage? Convert them into cabarets, inns, or snack shops. That would be their salvation. . . .'

"Ah," grunted my friend, now replete. 'People who bother about antiquities these days are thought of as boobs by the savages of the technonuclear jungle we live in. . . .' He drew on his cigarette, exhaled. The smoke mushroomed.

"What about atoms for peace?" I asked.

"Oh, those are for the Am bomb."

"Am?'"

"Yes, the Ambrosia bomb."

"With that, . . . I took him to see a magnificent old house, certainly in good enough condition to be made into a Chinese restaurant."

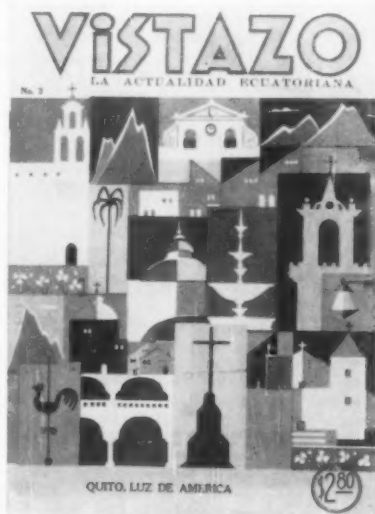
## LAND OF PROMISE

THIS brief, provocative editorial appeared in *Cartilla Agropecuaria*, bimonthly publication of the Paraguayan Ministry of Agriculture and Stock-raising:

"A European writer, on returning to his country, remarked: 'Emigrants should go to the new lands of America, but not with the idea of leading the soporific, barren life of the cities. If they are ready to work in the country, to be farmers, they will find satisfaction and material comfort.'"

"This is especially true of Paraguay. In fact, foreigners who come here with faith in the future, instead of wild dreams, and farm for a living stand a good chance of becoming moderately prosperous."

"... Many aliens of various nationalities . . . have already settled in Paraguay, built homes, and become respected members of the community. Within only a few years . . . they have made big strides and have provided for their children's future. . . . These hardworking . . . men, with strong arms and eager spirits, . . . have done much to develop Paraguay economically . . . , proving that our land is blessed with natural bounty. . . ."



Cover of special "Quito" issue of Vistazo, new general-interest Ecuadorian magazine



## Letters

### "TO DIFFER IS TO LIVE"

Dear Sirs:

I have had the opportunity to read the last two issues of *AMERICAS* . . . and only one thing occurs to me: what is the purpose of this magazine? . . . I assume that you are familiar with the almost total ignorance . . . of people in this country about the Central and South American republics. . . . Therefore, they should be given a true picture of the life, progress, and activities of the Spanish-speaking peoples of the Hemisphere. Instead, what do you find in *AMERICAS*? Indians, Indians, and more Indians. . . . As an Argentine citizen who is well acquainted with South America, I find it unpleasant to see Indians and mestizos portrayed as representative of South America when they are actually a minority and do not even exist in Argentina and Uruguay. . . . By the way, why does the legend on the masthead read "published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese"? Shouldn't it be Castilian instead of Spanish. . . ?

Alejandra Teachuk  
Chicago, Illinois

*AMERICAS tries to deal with all aspects of life in this Hemisphere, and surely the Indians are one of them. As for the word Spanish, our authority is the Royal Academy, whose Diccionario de la Lengua Española (not Castellana) gives as the fourth definition of español: "The Spanish language originated mainly in Castile, and also spoken in almost all the American republics, in the Philippines, and in many Jewish communities of the Orient and North Africa."*

Dear Sirs:

Quite by chance I read one issue of your magazine, and I want to tell you how much I enjoyed it, and the many others I have read since. As a Colombian, I am so glad to see that you publish accurate, interesting articles not only about Colombia but about all the countries of the Americas. . . .

Genoveva Trujillo  
New Haven, Connecticut

### A DYING ART

Dear Sirs:

. . . My congratulations to Scott Seegers for his magnificent article "The Weaving

Talbots" in the November issue. . . . Not because St. Clement's played any part in the story, but because of my own deep devotion to the Talbots and their art do I express my gratitude to him for capturing their personalities and art in the article. Their many friends will be forever in your debt for recording in so intimate a way the gracious air that pervades their home and studio in Philadelphia. The only note of sadness in the article is the fact that "the profession of weaving authentically designed ecclesiastical fabrics by hand will probably die with the Talbot family." Happily they will leave behind an art work that will serve as an inspiration to those who love and appreciate the hand-woven as against the machine-made fabrics that adorn our churches. Thank you again for an inspiring story. . . .

Maurice H. Hopson, Rector  
The Church of St. Clement  
Alexandria, Virginia

### BOUQUETS

Dear Sirs:

. . . I wish to congratulate Francisco Cuevas Cancino for his article "Mexico's 'Year

of the Constitution'" (September 1957). . . . It was clearly and carefully written.

Guillermo Calderón Palomino  
La Oroya, Peru

Dear Sirs:

Just a few words to tell you how much I enjoy your publication. . . . The articles I like most deal with people and customs. I am sure your magazine is fulfilling its purpose, that of getting people to know and understand each other better. . . .

Pat McDermott  
The Bronx, New York

### CARRIELES

Dear Sirs:

In your September issue there is an article that interests me very much—"Moneybags from Colombia." I was wondering if there is any way I may obtain one of these pouches. From whom and where? . . .

R. E. Thomas  
Lake Crystal, Minnesota

*We are informed that the carrieles may be obtained from Clipper, located at Calles Palace and Crucero Maracaibo, in Medellín, Colombia.*

## MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' TOURIST HAUNTS?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 41



1. The church of Our Lady of Mercy is a unique landmark in the former capital of Guatemala. Name the city.

2. The skyscraper hotel Palacio Salvo is the tallest building in a South American capital. In the foreground is the statue of General José Gervasio Artigas, the country's liberator. Can you name the city?



3. The twin twenty-seven-story Centro Bolívar is a modern architectural pride at \_\_\_\_\_, a city noted for its year-round delightful springlike climate. Fill in the blank.

4. This port, the oldest on the Pacific coast of North America, is on a harbor that was discovered in the sixteenth century and is well known for its deep-sea fishing. Can you guess the name?

5. The Peruvian ruins of \_\_\_\_\_, discovered by Hiram Bingham in 1912, were one of the great archaeological finds of this century. Fill in the space.

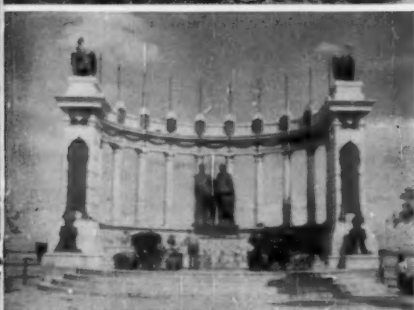
6. Lake Titicaca, located between Peru and Bolivia, is the world's highest navigable body of water. Is it 18,000, 12,500 or 10,000 feet above sea level?

7. This monument symbolizing the meeting of Bolívar and San Martín stands in the main seaport and largest city of Ecuador. Name the city.

8. The volcano Osorno, suggestive of Fujiyama, and the adjacent town, were named after the Marquis of Osorno, father of Bernardo O'Higgins. Are they in Argentina, Uruguay, or Chile?

9. This breath-taking waterfall, shared by Argentina and Brazil, is among the most majestic sights in South America. Is it called Tequendama, Kukenaan, or Iguazú?

10. Built on a lagoon in the Caribbean, this modern Dominican hotel is called the "Hamaca." What does the name mean?





# The Inter-American Housing Center

was founded in 1951 by the Pan American Union at the National University of Colombia in Bogotá as part of the Program of Technical Cooperation of the Organization of American States, under the jurisdiction of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.

The Division of Housing and Planning of the Pan American Union directs the Center, which is operated in collaboration with the National University and the Instituto de Crédito Territorial, the official Colombian agency for the development of low-cost housing.

provides training for professionals who desire to specialize in the technological, economic, social, and administrative aspects of housing. The OAS offers fellowships for study there to citizens of its member countries. The Center carries out research and experimental work, especially in the application of local materials to low-cost housing construction. A scientific exchange and consulting service offered by the Center makes its findings available to all those concerned with the field.

issues many publications in Spanish on such subjects as

- Use of bamboo for housing
- Low-cost rural housing
- Construction in tropical climates
- Self-help housing methods
- Stabilized-earth construction

One publication that has attracted wide interest is the CARTILLA DE LA VIVIENDA, a housing primer with 182 large illustrated pages showing all aspects of simplified house construction.

*For further information on the publications and work of the Center, you may write direct to:*

Centro Interamericano de Vivienda  
Apartado Aéreo 6209  
Bogotá, Colombia

PAN AMERICAN UNION  
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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